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OUNG CANADA BOYS

WITH THE
S.O.S.
ON THE FRONTIER



YOUNG CANADA BOYS

With the

S.O.S. on the Frontier

BY

HAROLD C. LOWRY



TORONTO

THOMAS ALLEN

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TO MY PAL

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by
THOMAS ALLEN

CONTENTS

Chapter	Page
I. ENLISTING	1
II. TO THE FARMS.....	20
III. THE RUNAWAY	38
IV. THE RESCUE	58
V. THE FIRST CLUE	74
VI. THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS...	92
VII. MAJOR WATSON	109
VIII. LUNDY'S LANE	128
IX. THE SPY HUNT	150
X. FRUSTRATING THE PLOTS.....	177

TELLING THE WORLD

JUST as this tale was finished I heard a wonderful phrase. It was used by one of our Canadian boys "over there."

He was writing home on the eve of his entering into the great battle for the "Hindenburg line" in September, 1918. Here is what he wrote: "In a few days we'll be telling the world what Canadians can do."

That phrase thrilled me even more than had the great news of the world-applauded achievement of breaking through the much vaunted impregnable fortifications of the Hindenburg line. What the Canadians did to the "Drocourt-Queant switch" is history as is also their mighty deeds at St. Julien, Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Passchendaele. Our boys have left an eternal impress on the world's memory by their incomparable valor on the fields of Flanders.

Like the coming of the glorious sunlight after a thunderstorm, followed the thought of the great deeds of our forefathers who battled against tremendous odds back in the early days of our national existence.

The wonderful deeds of our great-grandfathers during the war of 1812 are just as thrilling and as valorous as those of their descendants.

It is with the hope of inspiring a deeper love and appreciation of things Canadian that this book has been written.

The incidents as told by the old veteran are true. They are not fiction. Most of them were told me many times by my beloved grandmother who, for nearly two generations, was known far and near as "Grandma Lowrey." It was at her knee I learned of Canada's great heroine, Laura Secord.

When I was eight years old I came to live on the very farm where was fought the battle of Queenston Heights. A few hundred yards away stood the old Laura Secord home, while across the village street were

the two old ruins mentioned—the printing house, and the death-place of General Sir Isaac Brock.

The Niagara Frontier is even more wonderful than my humble pen has painted it. The Niagara Glen is a glade incomparable. Canadians should visit it—it is worth much effort.

It is also my hope that this book will be accepted for its historic usefulness and for its information about the frontier I love so well.

CHAPTER I.

Enlisting

“Yank, call the roll.”

This command, given in a sharp precise military tone, brought quick enquiring looks from every scout in Chester Woodruff's patrol drawn up on the patrol's hard-won parade ground—the northwest corner of the old Lansdowne School grounds.

Donald Wilson, known to the patrol as “Yank,” stepped briskly forward to carry out the command of his superior officer, knowing full well that the reason for the assembling of “The Allies,” as the patrol was familiarly known, must be of great importance. It was always a momentous occasion for the Allies, when they were mustered in by *that* military tone and the calling of the roll. The ripple of excitement which had first followed the significant command hushed into silent

expectancy as the scouts read in the face of "Chuck" Woodruff, their loved leader, the serious nature of the business ahead of them.

"Dan Kelly," called Yank.

"Present, sir."

Chuck looked questioningly into each lad's face as he answered, seeking to find there, if he could, the answer to the question which had been tormenting him ever since he had been called into the Principal's private office to meet the famous Scoutmaster and the National Superintendent of the S.O.S. movement.

"Henri Armand."

"Present, sir."

So far, the Allies' leader was sure of his scouts. Looking down the double line of his beloved patrol, Chuck felt a growing confidence that they would all be keen to do what had appeared to him to be their bounden duty. Chuck had great faith in his scouts, because they were all boys selected with extreme care to represent the different Allied nations at war with German barbarism. Each boy had been chosen because of

his foreign birth or knowledge of the country he represented. Chuck was very proud of them, and it pleased him mightily to command the patrol which had carried off so many honors in the city. To-day, his heart swelled with pride as he looked searchingly down the smart double lines.

"Charles Catelli."

"Present, sir."

"David Watson."

"Here, sir."

"James MacLean."

Fond memories of the formation of his patrol came to its leader with each succeeding name. Looking into each scout's face in turn he recalled the reason for his selection as a member of his now famous squad. There was William Thomas—"Cinders," he was called by the lads—who had been chosen to represent Wales because his father was a good Welshman and still in the coal business. Frederick Martin had been born in Newfoundland. That had won him a place and also the nickname "Cod."

"Harry Douglas."

"Present, sir."

"Thomas Yates."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Albert Woodruff."

"Present, sir," answered Chuck's young brother, who was the end man on the second row. "Anzac," as he was familiarly known to the patrol, was the youngest of the twelve, Chuck, sixteen, was the oldest, while Cod was the biggest.

As the last "Present" resounded across the snow-spotted yard Yank stepped forward and, smartly saluting, reported every scout present. The Allies' leader gravely returned the salute of the retiring subordinate, then turned to the patrol, prepared to tell them of the call to Duty which he had heard that morning.

"Scouts of the Allies' Patrol," Chuck began, "you all know of the Great War and that we are going to give the Huns such a corking good lickin' they'll never want

another war as long as the world lasts. We'd all be over there, fighting alongside your brothers and mine, if they would only take us, but they won't, durn 'em. This morning our chance came to get in the fight. The Scoutmaster—all you boys know him—met all the patrol leaders in the Principal's office. He told us how we could get into the trenches and fight. He then called for volunteers. The Allies was the first to enlist, you can bet. Gee! but the 'Owls,' the 'Chipmunks' and the 'Hawks' were sore."

The unbounded loyalty of the scouts burst through the restraining discipline into a prolonged cheering. The eleven scouts in the ranks could not wait for details. All they wanted to know just then was that after waiting and praying for a chance, they were going to be given the opportunity to serve their country. They were going into the trenches to fight. It was great news. Their exuberance at realizing their fond hopes could not be restrained. They threw their hats into the air, pounded each other on the back, and crowded closer around Chuck to

get more information as quickly as they possibly could.

But their leader was not to be cheated out of his hour, nor was he going to let the patrol get out of hand, happy as the occasion might be. Their reputation as the best disciplined patrol in the city was earned only by constant vigilance and strictness.

"Scouts, 'shun!" he sharply commanded.

The patrol hastily reformed into correct military lines.

"Scouts," again began their unruffled leader, "we've got a chance to get into the big fight, to help lick the Germans. The Scout-master says it's the second line of trenches and I guess he's right. It's farming. We're going to sow all the seed the Government down at Ottawa can get hold of—you know, Sir Robert Borden and Rowell and Billie MacLean and all those other fellows down there. They're working to get more food produced and we're going to help by going out to the farms to plant the seed.

"We'll be breaking in young colts, and plowing. We'll be raising bees and maybe

find a wild bear or two. We'll grow pigs and pick fruit and wait for the summer to come 'round so's we can get out the threshing machines to make them roll out the wheat for our boys over at the front. That's our 'bit.' It's some job, scouts.

"The Canada Food Board—you know Hanna was it once but he quit to go hunting oil down in Peru so's our navy could get along without coal—wants all the scouts and other boys, thousands and thousands of them to enlist in the 'S. O. S. Army, 'Soldiers of the Soil,' they are going to call them, and the National Superintendent, he's the boss, says he wants TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND volunteers. We're going to have regular bands and uniforms maybe. And when we've served three months, we'll get a badge, like the veterans have, to show that we have been on active service.

"We'll all go to the country for the summer. And what's more, we're going to be paid fifteen dollars a month for our work. So, scouts, it's up to us. Will we get into the trenches and fight? Will we be S. O. S.

boys this summer? Will we be the boys behind the boys behind the guns over there in France? Scouts of the Allies, will you enlist in the S. O. S.?"

"I'm with yuh, Chuck," quickly shouted Yank so eager to be the first to enlist that he forgot his military etiquette.

"I'll join," enthusiastically called red-headed Dan Kelly, known to the patrol as "Rusty." He was Irish and never denied it, even though he hated the mention of the evil word "Sein Fein."

"Don't forget me, Chuck, I'm going," shrilly shouted Anzac, fearful lest his age might debar him again.

"Whatcha afraid of, Anzac? Think they won't take Australians? Well, if you're a good boy and behave yourself, we won't tell anybody you were born in Australia when your pa and ma were out there on that business trip. Maybe they'll let an Anzac in, 'specially if you tell them your pa moved back to Canada when you were a year old," laughingly chaffed Rusty.

"I'll go," interrupted Henri Armand, followed so quickly by the enlistments of "Cinders" Thomas, "Cod" Martin, "Wireless" Catelli, "Mate" Watson, "Scotty" MacLean, and "Skipper" Yates, that Anzac had no chance to get back at his closest pal's sally.

"What about you, Jap?" sternly demanded Chuck, noting with rising anger the reluctance of Harry Douglas, who was dubbed "Jap" because his parents had been missionaries to Japan when Harry was born.

"I'd miss my holidays in Muskoka if I joined, and anyways it is nothing but hard work from sunrise to sunset on a farm. You fellows can go if you want to, I'm going to stick it out here," stubbornly replied Jap.

"So you're one of those conscientious objectors, are you? We all thought you were a Jap," quickly interposed Armand, whose French blood was near the boiling point, so keenly did he resent any indifference to the peril of his beloved France. The scouts knew him as "Marne," his elation over

that great victory winning him his nickname.

With one accord the entire patrol closed in threateningly upon the one dissenter, their sole thought being the good name of the Allies, for they knew full well what would happen should the Owls or Chipmunks learn that one of their number was "yellow."

"Say, you big slacker!" hissed Rusty, thrusting his clenched fist under Jap's nose, "so you'd rather loll 'round Muskoky huntin' dew worms, than get out on a farm where you're needed. You think because you were born in Japan that you're too good to do farm work; well, Percy, me darlint, I'll show you where you're going mighty quick if you don't join up right now. There'll be an ambulance call in a few seconds; get me? You can't pull any of those 'yellow' tricks in the Allies' patrol."

"Hi, you land lubbers, gangway! let the navy get at the coward," ordered Skipper, elbowing his way through the crowd, his fingers itching to show the scouts how to punish a coward in the true sea style so

often told him by his father, who had been a captain on an armed merchantman in the Pacific.

"Get out of the way, old tar," quickly interposed Anzac, slipping his slight supple body between the irate Skipper and the quivering Jap; "let me at him, I'll teach him something even if he is twice my size."

"Patrol, 'shun!" sternly command the Allies' leader.

Reluctantly they obeyed.

Chuck was secretly proud of the temper of his patrol. He liked the snappy way they had of doing things and their quick resentment of anything reflecting on the honor or fame of the Allies. He was wise enough to exercise a strict discipline at all times in anticipation of a crisis like that now before him. When forming his patrol, Chuck had made the acquaintance of an old army officer from whom he had received much valuable advice on the best way to enforce obedience. His younger brother Anzac was a born

leader, but Chuck was able to exact instant obedience even from him. Other patrol leaders marvelled.

"If there's going to be any fighting," reprimanded Chuck, "we are going to fight as a patrol. Jap needs a darned good licking, but the Allies are going to be too busy fighting in the second line of trenches to bother about fellows like him. You scouts are on your honor not to fight with each other so long as you are in this patrol, don't forget that. If there is any fighting to be done, here or anywhere else, it is up to the whole patrol." Then turning to Douglas he said in scathing terms:

"Jap, I never thought you were a slacker. So you would rather go to Muskoka than join the S. O. S? You'd rather have the Huns beat us than do *your* bit to help stop them, eh? You'd lay around holidaying while the boys over in Yank's country all get into the 'Boys' Working Reserve.' You'd let them work while you played. You'd let the boys in England and Wales and Scotland and Ireland work their hands off in munition

shops and on the farms. You'd go swimmin' when the boys in Australia and New Zealand were hard at work for the Empire. You'd leave the Belgian and French and Serbian scouts without support just because you were too *lazy* to do your duty. And now when the King calls for us boys to get busy and produce food, you flunk. We've got to produce more food or starve. The Empire and Canada—yes, our Canada—needs you right now in the S. O. S. It's up to you, Jap. Are you a Canadian or a yellow Q-U-I-T-T-E-R?"

"I'm not a quitter and I'm not a slacker. I'm just as patriotic as the rest of the boys, sir, but I can't go unless papa says so," hotly replied Jap, keenly resenting the very suggestion of any lack of patriotism.

"This is not the time for papas and mamas, Jap. Canada, our country, needs your help right now. Are you going to be a volunteer or will you wait to be conscripted? Papa's consent is all right, but when Canada and the King need fighters it's up to you, Jap, to answer quick. You can't

pass the buck to papa. It's up to you, Douglas, and to no one else. Are you going to join the Soldiers of the Soil or not?" quickly returned the Allies' leader, proudly saluting the glorious Canadian ensign floating majestically in the breeze above the towering school building.

"I'm not yellow. I can fight as well as any of you chaps. I'm going to help lick the Germans too, but, by gosh! I'll have to do some tall fighting at home when they hear about my joining the S. O. S. without askin'," determinedly asserted Jap Douglas as he recklessly signified his intention of enlisting.

This declaration brought another round of cheering from the Allies and, in order to preserve discipline, its leader discreetly dismissed them. As the patrol broke ranks, they, with one accord, shouted "Remember, Jap, if there's any fighting to be done the whole patrol must do it. Tell your pa that."

"Boys, we must respect our parents, you know, even in a case like this. What I meant was that each fellow had to decide for him-

self *first*. If he doesn't do that he's not volunteering, he's just letting his parents do the deciding for him. Now, boys, we've all got to get our parents' consent to go, but when we tell them that this is the only way we can fight the Germans they will let us all go, you see if they don't," cautioned Chuck as the boys gathered around him demanding further particulars.

"Where are we going, Chuck? to Alberta?" asked Anzac, squirming his way closer to his big brother and looking up proudly at him.

"Will I take my rifle and slingshot?" questioned Rusty, edging nearer to his leader.

"Will there be any fishing?" inquired Cod, who was thinking of the great salmon, and cod-fishing abounding in his native Newfoundland.

"Can we fix up de wireless?" eagerly asked the Italian youth whose keen interest in wireless had given him his nickname "Wireless."

All these questions and more were shot at Chuck before he could turn around. Every boy had a dozen questions, and each one wanted his answered first. At last, when the scouts had given him a chance, he told them all he knew about the S. O. S. First of all, they would have to have their parents' consent. Then they would have to sign an enrolment form which would go to the employment bureaus where the farmers made application for help. Then the man in charge there would pick out the boys to work on that farm. They would have to take their chance of all being sent to the same place but he hoped they would be. Anyway, they would try to have it arranged that way.

"I betcha we'll find lots of snakes an' groun' hogs an' chipmunks, eh, Chuck?" piped in Scotty as the boys broke up to go home.

"We're not going to your bonnie ould Scotland; we'll be in Canada, where there's bears and deer and other man-sized animals," teasingly remarked Mate.

"I s'pose you would rather be a'going to merry ould England, doncherknow, old top, where your 'mates,' you're so fond of telling about, can be found, eh, Watson?" hit back Scotty.

"England is a better place than your dismal old Scotch hills any time, but we're not goin' 'over 'ome' this time, Scotty; we're going out where the grasshoppers hop," replied the English lad, to whom the white chalky hills of the East Coast were a fond memory.

On their way home that night the Allies made many plans for the future. Mate and Cod were going to find a fishing spot for any time off they might have. Rusty and Scotty planned a 'coon hunt. Cinders, Wireless, and Marne thought they ought to have a horse race, but Skipper and Jap, who was now in the adventure heart and soul, were for hunting bears and wolves. It was a great night for the boys of the Allies.

Their leader and his two closest chums, Yank and Rusty, who lived on the next street to Chuck and Anzac, had further to go than

the others of the patrol. As they neared home Anzac suggested that they might find a spy, as quite a few barns had been burned the year before.

"There's a whole lot of them around, Anzac, and if any ever come our way we'll fix them alright, won't we, boys?" hopefully declared Chuck, his mind instantly alert with plans to trap possible German spies. The possibility of catching a spy red-handed absorbed them till the home of the Woodruffs was reached.

"I hope we can go to Niagara," said Rusty; "my brother's over there in camp, and if spies are anywhere, they'll be around the camps where they can poison our soldiers or shoot them."

"Let's ask to go to Niagara, Chuck, so's we can catch a spy," chorused the others, dancing around their leader in ecstasy over the thought of capturing a real German spy.

"All right, scouts, I'll do my best to get us sent to Niagara s'long boys," was the parting reply.

“Gee! fellers, I betcha we catch one and that we will ketch a lot of rattlesnakes too. If we do, we’ll sick the snakes onto the spies. We’ll teach them to crucify our Canadians, won’t we, Rusty?”

“You just bet we will, Anzac; s’long kid.”

“S’long Rusty, s’long Yank.”

CHAPTER II.

To the Farms

THE intrepid leader of the famous Allies industriously besieged the offices of the Ontario Public Employment Bureau where the placing of the S.O.S. boys on the farms was being done. At last he succeeded in getting his patrol sent to adjoining farms in the Niagara district.

It was just by good luck that applications had come in early for twelve boys from farms quite near to Queenston, which was but a few miles from the concentration camp at old Niagara. Several thousand soldiers were expected to be in camp there during the summer, among them Rusty's brother and Skipper's cousin.

The scouts were overjoyed with their good fortune at being placed near the Niagara camp and in such a historic part of Canada as Queenston and the Niagara river frontier.

It did not take them long to pack their kit bags and bid good-bye to their parents. All of the twelve were at the Union Station a good quarter of an hour before the Niagara train departed.

"Who are we goin' to work for, Chuck?" inquired Yank after the patrol had settled down for the long ride to their summer's work.

"Cinders, Wireless, Marne, and Mate are going to work for a farmer named Secord; Skipper, Cod, Jap, and Scotty will be on the Lundy farm, next while Yank, Rusty. Anzac, and myself are going to my uncle's farm, Fairview Fruit Farm, they call it. All three farms adjoin the village, so we'll all be together except when we're hoeing or chasing potato bugs," replied Chuck, preparing to make himself comfortable in order to store up some much needed sleep—the past two days had been the busiest of his sixteen years. He felt the responsibility of leading out on a whole summer's expedition a patrol of young boys, all younger than himself, yet

he would not have given up the task for anything this world might offer him.

As the train swept swiftly across the level stretches that reach from Hamilton to the international boundary, the beautiful Niagara river, the scouts were busy planning new adventures. Chuck idly listened to their happy plannings, but deep within him he felt that their plans would never mature. The lads were overlooking the fact that they were on active service, and that they would have to work hard as long as there was work to be done. He hadn't the heart to shatter their fond hopes, at least not yet, preferring to let them enjoy, while it was still possible, all the pleasure they could get out of their planning.

As the train rushed forward, Chuck's thoughts turned to what was before them. He wondered what kind of people they would meet, and what the Secords and Lundys would be like when one was working for them instead of holidaying. He was quite familiar with his uncle's ways and farm. He and Anzac had spent several

weeks on it a couple of years previous. He loved the old farm with its historic acres where had been fought the great battle of Queenston Heights. He loved to hunt up and down its furrows for arrowheads and bullets. He had found a button of the 71st Fusiliers once and an Indian spearhead another time; arrowheads and bullets he had galore. His thoughts turned gradually to the reason why such missiles should have been fired in anger by opposing armies who spoke the same language and had the same ideals.

Chuck's passion for history had given him a fund of information, but in all his reading and studies he had never come across a reason which, to him, could be regarded as sufficient justification for two neighboring countries to war one with the other. He could not help drawing a comparison between those days and the present, when these same two countries were fighting shoulder to shoulder for Freedom and Liberty on the shell-scarred fields of Flanders and France. The idea, which had inspired the formation of the Allies patrol of boy

scouts, seemed like a little bit of heaven itself when compared with the animosity which must have existed between the two armies who hunted each other across the very fields through which the train was now speeding.

And then to think that he, Chester Woodruff, a descendant of United Empire Loyalists, whose great-uncles and great-grandfather had given up their lives to protect these fields from the men from the south, was now, a hundred years later, leader of the Allies' scout patrol which had as its second in command Donald Wilson, a Yankee!

It was a problem too deep for Chuck. He gave it up as beyond him, though he was indeed thankful that the differences of the past had been swept away and that now Canada and the United States were both neighbors and true friends. He was so moved by these thoughts he could not resist the impulse to grip Yank's hand and cement more securely their friendship.

The train slowed down for a station but did not stop. The sign "Stoney Creek" on the station roof flashed clear as the train whizzed past. To the most of the Allies it represented simply the name of the town they were passing, but to Yank, who was still wondering why his leader had gripped his hand, it had a deeper significance than a mere name. It brought back to him the story of the battle which had been fought there a century ago, and with it came an understanding of what was behind his leader's handgrip.

Leaning closer to him his chum whispered:

"Put her there, Chuck, you old Canuck, we are allies now. The days of Stoney Creek are passed. We've buried the hatchet with both England and Canada. The little ole U. S. A. is a 'doin' her bit overseas and is a full partner in the big Allies, just like you an' me, Chuck. I'm Yankee, Chuck, old boy, but we'll always be allies, won't we?"

"You bet we will, Yank," confided the Allies' leader, seizing the proffered hand of his subordinate and crushing it till Yank

winned with pain "the Treaty of Ghent satisfied me, and I'm blamed certain there is no use in continuing the fighting after a treaty has been agreed to and signed. Our great-granddads were willing to bury the hatchet, so we should worry over their quarrels. It is up to us to beat the Germans, and believe me, Yank, the Allies are going to do it up brown. Our countries are neighbors. They have been pretty friendly in the past hundred years, but after this war they will be real national pals just like we are in the Allies. You and I, Yank, can do our bit, can't we?"

"And we will, Chuck," declared Yank, returning with interest Anzac's sly poke in the ribs.

"What are you fellows so mighty serious about? got a new plan for ketching spies?" boisterously asked Anzac, piling over onto his big brother, followed closely by Rusty and Marne.

"Say, Anzac, if you ever bumped into a spy you'd retreat so fast they'd take you for a cyclone. Catch a spy? Why say, kid, you

couldn't catch a spiced pussy, let alone a German spy," laughingly asserted Chuck, giving Anzac the spanking he deserved. A lively tussle followed, which all the patrol enjoyed immensely until Rusty spotted a formation of aeroplanes racing with the train.

Instantly the train windows were captured and the Allies excitedly watched the planes bank and turn, dip and rise, loop and twist, darting now ahead of the train, then back of it only to return at full speed and low down where the scouts could plainly see the pilots. It thrilled the lads as nothing else could have done, for they were all keen to become flyers just as soon as they were old enough. Chuck, Yank, and Rusty had even tried to enlist, and had almost succeeded in getting by when somebody who knew them came in and gave them away. They vowed then they would become flyers some day in spite of their youth.

"They must be from the Beamsville aerodrome, scouts," suggested Marne, who kept

close tab on the doings of the Royal Air Force hoping that some day he might get his chance.

"Sure, Marne, those are the new type of battle planes. See, they are working their wireless now, watch it; see the sparks?" shouted Wireless, straining his face tight against the window to better see the actual operation of wireless on an aeroplane, it being the first time Charlie Catelli had ever been close to a flying machine.

"Wonder if they are out hunting spies?" said Anzac, as the planes sped away northward toward the blue stretches of Lake Ontario, that tossed white and billowy just beyond the brown fields.

"Gee whiz! Anzac, you've got spies on the brain; forget it. We're going farming, not detectin'. You'll have all the spy hunting you'll want chasing pigs to water," ridiculed Scotty, winking meaningly at Mate, who added, "Or taking the hops out of the bullfrogs your uncle is raising. Oh, you'll be

busy alright now that ducks have to wear rubbers and swimmin' trunks. You won't have any time to hunt spies."

"Say, Anzac, what would you do with a spy if you caught one? eat him?" taunted Cinders.

"Do with him? say, you fellows think I can't ketch a spy if he comes snooping around! You scouts just watch my trail. There's spies over here and I know it. I know what I'll do with the beast when I make him surrender. I'll feed him to a rattler like they feed rats to them at the Zoo, that's what I'll do," indignantly asserted Anzac, squaring his little shoulders to give further force to his declaration of his ability to catch and punish German spies.

"Better catch your rattler first," cautioned Cod, as the brakes began to screech again, almost drowning the brakeman's long drawn out "N-I-A-G-A-R-A F-A-L-L-S, O-N-T-A-R-I-O."

With a whoop of joy the scouts made haste to gather up their dunnage kits and suitcases preparatory to leaving the train. As the low

rambling red brick station came into view the twelve lads, at a signal from Rusty, surprised their leader by bursting forth into the song "Good luck to the Boys of the Allies," which they sang through with a vim that atoned for their lack of melody.

A motor awaited them at the station and as the boys swarmed over its sides Scotty shouted, "Come, Lizzy, hurry and get us home; we've got a lot of chores to do."

"Don't you worry none, son; Lizzie'll take you there right smart. You will have all the chokin' you want when you get there," grimly replied George Lundy, critically appraising the size of the boys the S. O. S. Employment Bureau had sent he and his neighbors, Secord and Woodruff. "You kids are not very big nor strong but as these are war times, we'll have to make the best of it."

"Say, mister, are there any spies out on your farm?" Anzac hastened to inquire the moment the farmer was free to answer.

"There he goes again," Cod, Skipper, and Jap shouted almost in unison.

"Why don't you ask him if he grows submarines and weinerwurst, Anzac?" suggested Cinders, as he punched Mate in the ribs to make him give up more room next the driver.

"Don't forget your rattler, Anzac," added Marne.

"You fellows think you're funny now, but you wait, I'll show you scouts a thing or two, see if I don't," vigorously declared Anzac, much to the amusement of George Lundy.

"That's right, little feller, you jest stick up for yourself. Never let these other big boys kid you. Say, we've got spies galore out at our farm," gleefully interposed Lundy, who could not resist pulling his favorite war-time joke on this earnest and unsuspecting S. O. S. newcomer, but Chuck, alert to protect the prestige of his patrol, took it upon himself to reply to Mr. Lundy's sally.

"I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Lundy, for all the boys like Northern Spies better than any other kind of apples except Snows, so we'll help you clean 'em out."

"You kids are smarter than I took you for, guess you'll earn your keep all right," said the farmer as he shut off the throttle to coast down the mountain guarding the Niagara fruit lands, its unbroken heights bounding the fertile plains all the way from the Niagara gorge to beyond Hamilton, there to split into two lines of hills, the one towering above Dundas and stretching away toward the Grand River valley, the other following the lake shore eastward, melting into its sands before reaching Oakville.

A sudden turn in the road brought the automobile out into a clear space high above where the Niagara rushes from the narrow confines of the gorge into the wide, placid, almost lake-wide expanses reaching seven miles northward from Queenston to the broad Lake Ontario. The deep blue of the lake could be plainly seen against the horizon.

The boys sat spell-bound by the beautiful vista spread out two hundred feet beneath them. At their right swung the Queenston Suspension Bridge, its 838 feet

bridging the canyon and joining together two of the allied countries. Directly below them were the long grey docks where the Toronto steamers landed, while in front of them, about a mile away, the pretty village of Lewiston clung tightly to the rounded hill that shrunk away from the river toward the heights which continued on across the river from the Canadian side.

It was several minutes before the boys realized that Mr. Lundy had stopped the car for them to feast upon the beautiful scene. It was Yank who finally broke the silence.

"That's Lewiston and the good old United States over there, scouts," he proudly announced. Then pointing out a rambling white building said, "There's the Frontier House, where J. Fennimore Cooper lived and where he wrote those corking yarns about Deerslayer, and the other Leather Stocking tales."

"Well, my boy," interposed Mr. Lundy, "that's sure the United States over there, but don't you get happy over that particular chunk, for let me tell you its reputation is

none too good, 'specially in these parts. There are too many saloons over there, but here's hopin' Hoover or President Wilson will get them closed up pretty soon. If you want to crow about the U. S. A. you'd better talk about the 'Sammies' down at Youngstown Camp. By golly, think of it. A Yankee army training at Youngstown and a Canadian army training at Niagara-on-the-Lake. One on each side of the old Niagara and each one of them a'usin' a fort that was used back in 1812. Jest a hundred years ago this little bit of frontier was mighty unhealthy for Yanks, now I can tell you."

Then turning quickly he pointed into the cedar bush at their very left: "It was just over there that the Redan Battery made its gallant stand. You can see the graves of the gunners who gave up their lives to defend this Canada of ours against the invaders from over there" (pointing again to the Lewiston shore) "and now to think that the great-grandchildren of these same heroes are fighting side by side over there in France against the devilish Germans! Well, it has

got me beat, but I am glad it has turned out so. You kids ought to hear Grandpa Secord tell about those times back in 1812."

"Is he any relation to Laura Secord who saved Lieut. Fitzgibbon at Beaver Dam?" quickly asked a dozen voices.

"You just bet he is, an' what's more he's living right in the same house and sitting before the same fireplace. It's just a few steps down from the Woodruffs," replied the farmer, as he deftly turned his well-loaded auto into the yard and speeded up to the door of the Lundy farmhouse.

It did not take the boys long to get settled in their new homes. Cinders, Marne, Mate, and Wireless took their kits up the road to the Secord home, while Yank, Chuck, Rusty, and Anzac went down to Chuck's uncle Jack's Fairview Fruit Farm; Skipper, Jap, Scotty, and Cod staying with Mr. Lundy.

It was a busy time for the boys that afternoon, for they could not be content until they had inspected every corner of the farm on which they were to help win the war by speeding up production. They were Soldiers

of the Soil and true scouts who could not take any chances; everything had to be inspected.

Anzac was particularly inquisitive, even to the extent of making a thorough search of the hay-mow with a pitchfork he found in the barn, but at last he had to reluctantly admit that it don't look as if a spy was in hiding anywhere around. However, Anzac was not to be so easily deterred from his quest.

"There must be spies around here," he muttered to himself as he followed the other boys in for supper.

Cinders, Marne, Wireless, and Mate were much envied those first few days. Being in the same house with Grandpa Secord, whose long grey beard and flowing hair made him look very much like Santa Claus, was great luck. But Grandpa Secord, who loved quiet, was rather annoyed by the presence of four lively boys in the house.

The four favored scouts did not at first hear the anticipated stories of the frontier life of a hundred years ago which they teasingly intimated to the other boys Grandpa

Secord was just itching to tell. Many weeks passed before the boys began to hear the longed-for stories they knew he could tell them. Meanwhile they were being taught how to harness and handle a team of horses, how to harrow and disk and make the land ready for seeding.

CHAPTER III.

The Runaway

THE spring work on the Secord farm had been held back considerably by the rainy weather. It was lower land than either the Lundy or the Woodruff farms, yet in spite of this handicap Marne and the other three scouts did not purpose letting the others beat them out. They were going to make the Secord farm produce as much if not more than either of the other farms.

Their enthusiasm for the work warmed the heart of Joseph Secord, who did all he could to help the boys obtain their desire. It was he who proposed to his neighbors that everybody work early and late till the seed was in and then take it easy till harvest time.

Mate and Wireless had been running the fanning mill up in the barn cleaning the seed grain while Cinders and Marne worked in the field along with Mr. Secord. From where

they were they could see the other boys over on the other farms. They never envied Rusty, Yank, or Anzac their job of spraying trees with a solution of lime and sulphur, even though they did sometimes wish they could run the steam boiler for cooking the spraying mixture, but Chuck assured them he had the worst job of all, for the fumes from the sulphur, while it was boiling, pained his eyes fearfully.

In spite of their hard work, none of the Allies would utter a single complaint. They were S.O.S. boys, and soldiers never complain. So they stuck to their duty no matter how footsore or muscle-weary they were. They were just at the point of becoming overwhelmed by the monotony of continuous hard work when the big runaway happened.

It was the first time Marne had ever been permitted to drive Prince and Dolly, the fine dappled Percheron team which was the pride of the Secord farm. The pressure of work had become so great that more horses were needed in the field. Mr. Secord, who had always driven the Percherons, hitched

up a team of young colts he had broken in during the winter, and had allowed Marne to take his place behind Prince and Dolly while Cinders drove the quiet greys which was the only safe team for the roller.

Everything had worked smoothly till almost noontime, and Mr. Secord's fears of Marne's ability to handle the Percherons had been calmed by the careful expertness of the S. O. S. lad. The disk harrow which Marne was driving was neatly lapped on each round and properly set forward and reversed on the turns so as to take the strain off the horses by letting the disks run clear while turning, throwing in to cutting angle when the horses were straightened away for the long trip across the field.

Cinders was working in the next field. The roller made such a tremendous racket when its hollow steel drums rumbled over stony places that Mr. Secord was afraid the noise of it would scare the colts he was working or the Percherons which Marne was driving.

Cinders finished his field first, and, not knowing what else to do, decided to take his team to the barn for noon as it was almost twelve.

The roller made hardly a sound as it rolled along the finely worked headland, made so by the constant turnings of the disk and drag harrows. As the roller neared the field where Mr. Secord and Marne were working, Cinders spied Skipper and Cod over on the Lundy farm and waved at them.

Even then Mr. Secord had not become aware of the dangerous approach of the roller else he would not have left his team of colts for a single second.

It was indeed a misfortune that Cinder's roller roared noisily across a stony furrow directly behind the colts just as Marne's team came across the field almost in front of them. Mr. Secord was standing, unsuspectingly, at one side of his team waiting for Marne to come up. Neither one had seen Cinders coming till the roller crashed into the stones, rattling like a thousand firecrackers set off at once.

The colts, which were hitched to a corn marker, bolted straight at Marne's Percherons, just missing Mr. Secord by a fraction of an inch.

In an instant all was uproar.

The Percherons, panic-stricken by the sudden noise, bolted straight across the path of the onrushing colts. Marne said afterwards that one colt jumped clean over the top of him. It all happened so quickly that neither Marne nor Mr. Secord could quite remember how a collision was avoided.

The colts swerved just enough to avoid crashing into Marne's team of Percherons, one of the colts leaping high to clear the disks which extended a couple of feet beyond the whiffletrees. To make matters worse, the corn marker, which was swaying violently from side to side, narrowly missed smashing into the Percherons' forelegs, and, catching solidly into the gangs of the disk, held fast, forcing the colts to swing round till they were racing side by side with the Percherons.

Terrified with fright, the four horses plunged across the field in a thunder of maddened hoof-beats, groaning machinery, and piercing shouts from Mr. Secord and Cinders.

The greys, instinctively joining in the stampede, were gathering speed unnoticed by Cinders, so intently was he watching Marne's heroic endeavors to stop the runaways before they met disaster at the field gate a hundred yards further along the headland. Afterward Marne said he felt just like the driver in one of the chariots in old Roman days when chariot racing was the popular sport—Marne had been to see the play "Ben Hur" a few months before.

The greys, old and quiet though they were supposed to be, could not resist the panic. They nearly pulled Cinders off the seat when they lunged forward after the crazed runaways who had floundered out of the soft mould of the field onto the more solid footing of the headland and were tearing madly toward the barns. The roar and rattle of the roller following so closely behind them gave greater impetus to the runaways.

Marne clung to the iron seat of the disk with both hands. It rocked, rolled, and bounded so that he could not do otherwise, for he dare not fall off in front of the onrushing greys with the roller. He could not remember how the smash-up occurred. It all happened so suddenly when the four runaways tried to go through the narrow gateway at the same time.

The Percherons, being a jump in the lead, captured the opening, thus forcing the colts to either jump the side fence or crash headlong into it. The nigh colt took the barrier like a seasoned steeplechaser, but the off colt, leaping hesitatingly, crashed heavily into the top of the gatepost sticking up a foot above the fence proper, and was thrown violently against the rump of Dolly.

At that very fraction of a second, one of the lines, which Marne had lost in the early minutes of the stampede, caught hard under the racing disks pulling Prince and Dolly so sharply to the right that the disk buckled and overturned, throwing Marne headlong between Dolly and the fallen colt.

Mr. Second covered his eyes with his hand to shut out the awful sight he knew would be there at the gate.

The Percherons with a mighty lurch broke the restraining line, swung back into the road and were away with a second's lead on the fast coming greys.

Directly in the path of the roller lay Marne and the plunging colt. The other colt was straining desperately to release itself and its mate from the entangling harness holding them both fast to the gate post.

Marne, after his stunning impact with the hard road, opened his eyes to see a swimming sea of flaying hoofs, his ears trembled with the noise of the battle, for it seemed to him that he was in a cavalry charge "somewhere in France."

Then he saw the greys and knew that his time had come.

In that fraction of a second he prayed as he never had prayed before, and then the greys were upon him. But the trusty old horses had seen him and leaped clear just as

Cod, closely followed by Skipper and Mr. Lundy, reached over the line fence and seized the bridle of the nearest grey.

Caught while still in the air the combined pull of Cod and Skipper, who had grabbed Cod, was sufficient to topple the greys over against the line fence away from Marne, who was now partly under the colt. This sudden change of direction canted the roller—heavy enough to crush a skull like an egg shell—high up against the gate post.

The impact was terrific.

The post quivered. It cracked. It splintered. It was elm. The splinters held. The broken top whistled over Marne's head burying itself with a sickening thud in the road an inch the other side of the colt's haunch and the roller rolled clear.

Cod hung tight till Mr. Lundy vaulted the fence.

The greys and the colts in their dismay whinnered sympathetically. They were answered a few minutes later by the Percherons, who had broken free from the over-

turned disk and were calmly eating the succulent spring grass, which Chuck and Rusty had held out as an inducement for them to stop their mad career.

Marne lay still and white against the heaving side of the winded colt. He was unhurt, though the reaction from the intense excitement of the last six minutes had left him strangely cold and sensationless. It was so nice to be quiet, it was so peaceful there against the warm flank of the colt, that he wished they would leave him there.

He was provoked at Mr. Secord and Mr. Lundy for disturbing him, for getting him up on his feet where his head ached and throbbed. Why hadn't they left him alone down there under the splintered post?

And then it all came back to him. He quickly felt himself all over but could find no wounds nor sore spots. He had escaped all injury. It was then he remembered the intense prayer he had uttered at the moment he had seen the greys plunging toward and almost above him, and, remembering, deep in

his heart he gave silent thanks to his Creator for saving his life.

The escape of Marne and Cinders from any hurt was a marvel that baffled all who had seen the runaways and the smash-up. All were sincerely grateful that it had turned out thus, though none were quite so thankful as Mr. Secord, who could not help but feel that it had been his fault for permitting his team of colts to be out of hand for a single minute. Cinders bravely asserted that it was all his fault, but Mr. Secord would not admit this, saying that if he had kept hold of the lines he could have stopped the colts before they had gotten under way and crashed into Marne's team of Percherons starting them running away.

Chuck felt very keenly over the incident. It was his earnest desire to maintain the excellent reputation of the Allies' scout patrol even in its S.O.S. work, and here was a blemish on the escutcheon of his famous patrol. That was one reason why he felt so depressed while Mr. Secord and George Lundy were carefully examining the horses

for injuries, though the chief reason was the thought of the responsibility that was his in looking after the eleven scouts he had so confidently led into this adventure.

He could still see, in his mind's eye, the picture of Marne as he lay motionless and white against the heaving flank of the thrown colt, and with a dry sob that voiced the intense thankfulness he felt at being relieved of the horrible conclusion of that first glance, he threw his arm tenderly around Marne's shoulder drawing him away from the others. Both boys understood; their feelings were running too deep for words.

The tension was broken by the hearty voice of George Lundy who, slapping Secord vigorously on the back, boisterously remarked:

"You got off mighty lucky, Joe; three teams running pellmell into a gate and only two of them scratched, to say nothing of the charmed life of that kid. Golly, I wouldn't have given a grasshopper for his chances when I saw him thrown among those runaways, but you never can tell with kids. Those

machines of yours are better than I took them to be nothing broken but the corn marker and that's soon mended. You're a lucky man, Joe, and if I were you I'd give the kids a day off."

"You're right, George; it did turn out better than I expected. I'm all unstrung myself, so I guess we'll get up to the house and have dinner and then if the boys are willing, we'll have the afternoon off. See if Woodruff won't let the other boys off too. Better drive them Percherons up for me," answered Mr. Secord in a subdued voice.

At first the boys would not agree to taking any time off; said they, "We are on duty in the second line trenches and soldiers haven't time for play when there is work to do," but their protests were unavailing. Mr. Secord was quite ill and steadfastly refused to let the boys go back to work that afternoon. Reluctantly they went out to the barn to wait for the other boys to show up.

Sitting in the shaded doorway was Grandpa Secord, his long flowing white beard and hair waving gently in the breeze. He soon

spotted Marne, and as he came near the door, Grandpa caught him in the crook of his cane and drew him over beside him.

"A'ho, young feller, trying to drive four horses now, be yuh?" he gleefully asked, watching the lad with his piercing black eyes, half hidden under the shaggy eyebrows.

Then noting the quivering lips, the old man quickly launched forth into one of the stories the boys had so long been trying to get him to tell.

"Drivin' four horses is some trick. Well do I 'member the furst time I drew the lines over four hosses. Them wus the days. All hereabouts wuz woods an' wolves an' Indians an' wil' cats. The roads was jest trails blazed through the bush.

"Well, I wus a'settin' up on the freight waggon a'haulin' freight from Queenston here, where the sailing vessels from Montreal cum in, up over the mountain there, where now yuh see Brock's monument, clear to Chippewa where we loaded that freight on the sailing vessels that went up the lake ez fur ez Fort William and Chicago.

"Thet danged old Welland canal killed thet job fer me an' I had to take to farmin' tuh keep the folks from gettin' skinny.

"Say, thet makes me think of Al Bronson's ole grey mare, by gosh! she wuz so skinny Al wouldn't feed her out on the open road, no siree, he takes her under the cover of the woods an' then would drive her for tuh hours aterward with the blanket on. Al uster get sore when we got inquisitive but he couldn't trade her nohows. He tried it on a redskin onct an' nearly got scalped fer it.

"But ez I wuz a'saying, I wuz a'sittin' up there on the freighter a'toting boxes and bales up over thet there mountain, my ole black snake whip a'snappin' an' a'crackin' an' me shoutin', when outen the woods ahead of us cum a band of bad Injuns crazy-like and whoopin'.

"Thet wuz enough. They wuz unfriendly, an' them four hosses knew it, blamed if they didn't. I wuz drivin' the fust freighter. They wuz eight of us, each carryin' an extry, fer we expected Injuns might be snoopin'

round, fer the winter hed been a hard un an' game wuz goin' North too.

"Thum hosses spotted thum redskins mighty quick an' turned right in their tracks. It were right thar on the hill just nigh whar the ole Redan Battery put up sech a stiff fight, an' whad'ye think, if thum hosses, knowin' animils whut they wuz, didn't jest take thet thar waggon and run it right up alongside the big stone whut marks the ole battery site right tuh this very day.

"Thar she wuz. Injuns a'crawlin' all around us but Cal Clement an' me got two good shots at the sneaks. Two uv 'em stoped their screeching right smart.

"It ud been all up with Cal an' me if the other teams hadn't cum up quick. Thum Indians hadn't expected so many of us, an' before we could get 'nother shot at 'em they wuz off.

"We stayed thar that day an' the next night huntin' 'em, but yuh can't ketch an Injun when he knows you're after him. They's like snakes, can't see 'em until yuh step on 'em."

"Oh, Grandpa, are there any snakes round here?" quickly interrupted Anzac, heedless of the black looks given him by the other boys, who were hoping Grandpa would never stop spinning yarns now he had started.

'Snakes, y'say? why, little feller, they uster be lots of 'em, great big rattlers, too.

"Why, I 'member onct me an' Clem Woodruff wuz working back in the bush next tuh Hi Cassel's clearin' when I woke up from a snooze arter dinner with a rattler on my chest. He wuz a small un, but jest the samee mighty nasty to have so affeccionate, particularly when he'd crawled inside my shirt where it wuz warmer jest a'leaving his rattler end out so's we cud tell his pedigree.

"I near died of fright when I furst saw thum rattles thar within two smells uv my nose. I wuz so skairt I couldn't move even if I dast. At last Clem spied them rattles an' his hair near turned white.

"I owed Clem quite a hunk o' money an' wuz a'working it out. I allers allowed he was skairt he'd lose the money an' that's

what made him so white, but Clem stuck tuh his furst story that he was thinkin' what'd become of ma and the kids.

"Be thut ez it may, thet thar rattler wuz too durned intoomate tuh please me. Luck wuz with me fer Clem had his huntin' knife a'stickin' in his belt, he wuz allers a'rubbin' it up tuh keep it sharp. 'Twas thet knife whut saved me thet time, an' I allers told Clem I fergive him fer thinkin' about thet debt jest fer keepin' thet knife of his'n so keen.

"Clem he jest reached over careful like an' slit my shirt right down both sides thout disturbin' my visitor any. Then he kerfully raised thet shirt clear offen thet varmint, leavin' him out in the cold. Clem hustled right away. I thought he'd done it as he couldn't bear to see me pass out but dinged ef I didn't hear of the squeak uv a dermouse from behind the tree.

"Thet was the sweetest music I ever did hear. I knew thet would appeal to my visitor much more'n my cold chest, fer my blood wuz most froze up an' sweat was pourin'

outen me like a flood. Wud yuh believe ut, thet thar rattler jest lay thar fer whut seemed like an eternity.

"Clem allers said it weren't more'n ten minutes by his Waterbury, 'cause he timed it but I never did believe them Waterburys wuz any good an' durned ef I like 'em any better now.

"Thet thar varmint took his own time but at last he wiggled a bit, jest as Clem squeaked louder'n he'd ben doin', then he begun to back up. Gosh! I ken feel them wiggles even tuh this day an' it happened nigh 63 years ago. He kept a'wigglin' an' every wiggle took them fangs further away from your Grandpa. Clem kept a'squeakin' an' thet varmint kept on a'goin' but before he wuz all offen me, I jumped an' run fer it so fast thet the rattler hadn't time to strike me though he tried hard.

"Thet little show uv bad temper guv Clem the chanct to club him. He died quick, fer Clem is a Tartar when he's mad.

"Thet varmint measured more'n three feet long, an' had four rattles.

"Phew! thet wuz some snake, little feller," concluded the old man, wiping the cold perspiration from his face.

"Gee whizz!" echoed Anzac, looking longingly out where the sun was shining warm and real, and rubbing his arms to get the goose flesh down before the other scouts should see it.

"Thar, boys, thar's mother a'calling me; you boys be kerful with thum horses arter this. I've got to get along," said Grandpa, rising unsteadily and hobbling painfully across toward the house.

"But you didn't tell us about the Redan Battery yet," objected Rusty and Yank.

"Thet'll hev tuh keep till a rainy day or when we're greasin' harness, maybe," answered Grandpa from the other side of the barnyard gate, and the boys had to be content.

CHAPTER IV.

The Rescue

THE next few weeks were busy ones for the boys. They planted corn, made scarecrows to frighten off the crows so thick in those parts, repaired fences, and built several colony houses for the young chickens. The work on the fruit farms was getting heavier as the summer advanced, it being rather lighter work but much more steady the year round than that required on the grain and stock farms.

Chuck and Yank had been kept pretty busy hoeing around the trees while Rusty and Anzac were helping spray the trees and vines with Bordeaux mixture. Later the younger lads took turns digging the "borers" out of the trunks of the peach trees, rubbing the sprouts off the grape-vines, or cutting down the suckers around the plum and pear trees. To Chuck and Yank fell the more

arduous task of carefully pruning out the limbs on the pear trees which were affected with "fire blight," or cutting out the "black knot" from the plum and cherry trees.

Burning the caterpillar and bee nests in the fruit trees with torches set on long poles was often quite exciting, especially so when a wasp's nest was discovered. This work fell to Anzac usually, but after one encounter with the agile wasps Anzac was glad to let one of the other scouts try his hand at this exciting work.

During the hot summer evenings the boys took the horses down to the river to give them a swim, meanwhile having a little sport themselves. It was always a pleasure to dive beneath the cool waters of the Niagara after work in the burning heat of the day was over.

Chuck was very careful to keep the scouts within the safety zone inside where the swift currents and back eddies caused strong undertows, dangerous even to the strongest swimmers. Chuck knew of these dangers and constantly warned the Allies, but

Skipper, who was more venturesome in the water than the others, due perhaps to his father being a sailor, was frequently being called in from the dangerous deep water.

One night when the horses were more restless than usual Skipper escaped Chuck's vigilance, striking out for the unexplored deep water. It was easy swimming out there where the water was deep and cool.

Invigorated, he struck out with the fast crawl-stroke, intending to go just a little farther out and get back again before Chuck's attention was directed to his disobedience.

Skipper finally turned his face to the shore.

He was aghast at the distance he had come; the shore seemed a mile away. He struck out with quickened strokes, putting into them all the speed and power he could. Still he did not appear to reduce, appreciably, the distance.

He tried another stroke and the shore receded. He changed quickly to the crawl again, succeeding in holding his own against

the current that swept along shore and outward into the wide swift currents stretching nearly three-quarters of a mile across to the Lewiston shore.

Feeling his strength failing in the unequal struggle, fear gripped icily at his heart, but Skipper was the true son of a sea captain; he kept his head, and, gritting his teeth, determined to fight to his last breath. Realizing he could not regain the shore unaided against that treacherous eddy, Skipper first sent shoreward a piercing cry for help, then forced himself to husband his strength by correcting his swimming to a calm steady stroke that gained slowly but steadily.

Chuck had already seen Skipper's peril and was racing as fast as his stalwart legs would carry him to the boathouse further up the shore, knowing that only by boat could he reach Skipper in time to save his life.

Yank and Cod were close behind Chuck as he dashed into the boathouse, grabbed a light cedar boat and slid it quickly into the water. Cod, who had grabbed two pairs of oars,

dropped lightly into the boat almost at the moment it touched the water, Chuck and Yank leaping after him. Yank missed by a few inches, falling with a mighty splash into the widening water between the already moving boat and the boathouse landing.

Cod was already bending to his sculls, and paid no heed to the floundering gurgles of the unfortunate Yank; instead he kicked the other pair of oars toward Chuck, bidding him be quick.

In a second they were away, stroking with a vigor and a cleanness that would have brought gladness to the heart of any coach. They were putting to good use everything they had learned in the junior sculling races they had contested. Swiftly the boat drew near to the struggling scout. Would it get there in time?

The quick glances Cod shot over his shoulder to get his direction told him they would have to be quicker. He shot the single word "Harder!" at the almost winded leader of the Allies. Chuck gripped his oars tighter

preparatory to putting a mightier pull into his strokes.

Once, twice, three times the four oars swung in unison, their propelling force fairly lifting the light boat half out of the water. The fourth swing was never completed.

Chuck had heard Skipper's terrible call for help as he sank beneath the swift waters of the Niagara, and with an almost superhuman strength drove his sculls into the water for that disastrous fourth swing. With every ounce of his muscle bearing on it one of the light sculls bent, cracked, broke, throwing Chuck backward into a heap at Cod's feet.

Again a call for help came from the drowning lad, who had reappeared twenty boat lengths away, this time weaker than before. Cod's sculls still held, and with fast racing sweeps he forced the boat through the dividing water as though it was motor driven.

Chuck kicked off his shoes and slid out of his few clothes, all the time tensely watching for the re-appearance of the black curly head of Skipper, but none came in the few seconds

Chuck could wait. Quick as a flash he was over the side, diving straight for the dark spot he thought he had seen far beneath the surging waters.

Down, down, down he dove. His eyes smarted, his ears were singing, his lungs were scorching, his head felt as if it would burst; still he forced himself down, but nothing could he see of his loved scout in the dim opaqueness. He expelled the breath left in him and went a few feet deeper, but of no avail, and now he had to fight for air.

The second it took to reach the surface seemed like an hour, his head and lungs were paining him so. Never had air felt so refreshing as it did when he shot into its glorious abundance. Two deep inhalations were enough, for there was grim work to be done while still there was time.

Down he went a second time, down, down, down, his eyes searching the grey depths, but no trace of the drowning lad could he see; but find him he would or lose his life in the attempt. This time he went deeper, went down till he thought his head would

surely burst; still in vain. He fought his way to the top once more for he had to have air.

The instant he broke water, the setting sun, breaking through a cloud, threw its search-light deep into the waters, lighting up its dim darkness for twenty feet or more. A white slim body hurtled through the gleaming sunlight, reflecting its benign rays like a highly polished mirror, and, plunging neatly below the surface, swam straight as a driven arrow for a dark object slowly rising many feet below.

It was Anzac.

Unobserved by the others he had secured a driftwood plank alongshore and had paddled straight out to the spot while Chuck and Cod were coming downstream in their boat, arriving just in time to glimpse Skipper as the sun illuminated the water. Before Chuck could regain his breath, Anzac had brought the drowning Skipper to the surface almost beside Cod's boat. It took the combined strength of the three lads to get the limp body over the gunnels into the boat.

Quickly they raced for shore, Anzac and Chuck doing their very best to drain Skipper's lungs of water. The cramped quarters, however, permitted only a partial success. The other scouts waded out shoulder-high to speed the landing.

Nine anxious lads seized the boat, rushing it clear out of the water. With quick precision the inert form was laid flat upon the sand, raised by the abdomen till the water was thoroughly drained out of the lungs, then turned over for respiratory manipulation. Chuck was never more thankful for his scout's training than he was right at that moment, for in this terrible crisis he knew just what to do and just how to do it. The other scouts admitted the same thankfulness afterwards.

The recuperative powers of youth are always so amazing that once Skipper showed signs of reviving, his recovery could reasonably be expected to be rapid. The scouts worked hard, their hearts icy with dread, but the unconscious Skipper failed to respond. Desperately they continued, knowing full

well that if life still existed their efforts would restore it.

Little Anzac watched the eyes for the tell-tale twitching and repeatedly tested for nose breathing. His faith in the recovery of his chum was so shaken by his last test that he uttered aloud an intense prayer "Oh, God, help us!"

At the same moment Chuck bent lower to call, in the voice of his accustomed authority, the single word, "Skipper!"

Slowly the eyes opened, hesitated for a moment, then fell shut.

A cheer of deep thankfulness broke from the throats of the anxious lads as they continued their efforts with renewed energy. In a few minutes more, Skipper again opened his eyes to look questioningly about him at the strained but happy faces of his comrades, though it was a full half hour before he felt able to stand on his feet. It was two days before he had sufficiently recovered to resume his duty in the fields as a Soldier of the Soil.

This unfortunate incident put an end to the pleasant twilight hours the Allies had been accustomed to spend on the river's shore. The news of the accident had quickly found its way into the newspapers, much to the scouts' disgust and chagrin, for they feared parental recall from their post of duty.

Anzac was acclaimed as the hero, though he stoutly denied it, vigorously asserting that it was Chuck and Cod who had saved Skipper's life; but the reporters would not have it that way. The more Anzac protested the firmer became the popular conviction that this little scout was an honest-to-goodness hero, and it was not long before Anzac was notified that his name was being forwarded for the Carnegie Medal.

Anzac was highly indignant, and declared he would not accept it, as Chuck and Cod, not he, had earned it. But the townspeople just smiled and sent in the recommendation.

Grandpa Secord had become so chummy with the Allies that he hobbled over the next morning to see how Skipper was getting

along, and was so pleased at finding the lad in such high spirits that he stayed till the other boys came in for dinner, all of them coming to inquire before going on to their "billets," as they dubbed their respective farm homes. The scouts were so delighted to find Grandpa Secord there that they insisted upon his telling them another story before they departed.

"Don't tell us any more snake stories," Anzac hastened to caution, for he had been dreaming of rattlers ever since Grandpa had told of his hair-raising experience while working for Clem Woodruff. So deeply had this story impressed itself upon Anzac's memory that his thoughts had been temporarily diverted from his spy hunting, which was something unusual for him.

"Tell us an Indian story," suggested Scotty.

"Aw, why not tell us about Laura Secord?" objected Rusty.

"Thar now, byes, I'll please yuh both," interrupted Grandpa, shifting his weight to favor his one good though rheumatic leg a

little more before settling down to tell the story.

"I never told yuh uv the time when the Injuns cum through here when Auntie Laura wuz a'livin' over thar in thet house next to Jack Woodruff's. Thet wuz the place, an' it wuz right acrosst the road thet they carried General Brock when he wuz shot, into thet stone buildin' yuh ken jest see thar through the maples.

"This here town is plumb full uv places thet yuh byes don' want tuh fergit. Yuh call yerselves Soldiers, well jest yuh find out whut your forefathers did tuh make Canada a great country, free an' happy. Take Auntie Laura, thar wuz a great woman, byes, an' a true Canadian, but they wuz common in those days, jest ez they are in this big war."

"What did the Injuns do, Grandpa?" suggested Chuck, mindful of the fleeing dinner hour, and the insistent duty in the second line trenches.

"Thut's right, byes, thum Injuns sure did cut up devilish when they came sneaking roun' screechin' thum blood curdlin' yells uv

theirs whut would make yuh feel like a chicken when a hawk yells. Yuh've seen 'em.

"Thet's jest the way we uster feel whin thum red devils cum capering roun' but yuh bet we never dast let thum know it, no siree. We uster be just as chesty uz a banty ruster an' thum Injuns uster to git bluffed most every time.

"This time they cum sneaking roun' Auntie Laura's in the summertime. They wasn't scalp huntin', jest plain stealin', though an Injun is allers tricky whun he's crossed.

"Well, ez I wuz sayin', they cum'd into Auntie Laura's house friendly like an' seein' a lot uv cheeses an' smoked hog a'hangin' from the rafters they jest helped thumselfes. Ut were jest after the war an' they all had long bayonets stuck on their rifles. They speared thum cheeses un' hams on 'em an' started a pow-wow, dancin' in an' out'n the house like a lot uv crazy animals.

"Thet wuz allers their way uv celebratin', it's a danged poor way but it allers suited 'em an' 'this time it suited Auntie fine. Fer one

big Injun, a chief er somethin', jest got curious about whut wuz in thum rows uv boxes Auntie had set up under thum old apple trees whut uster be agin' the corner uv the house.

"He found out mighty quick whun he stuck his bayonet under thet hive an' turned the bees over onter him.

"Thet Injun let out a whoop, it muster been a war whoop, fer all thum redskins dropped thum cheeses and hams and run right into thum bees, knocking over the other hives. Auntie Laura allers laughed till she cried every time she told thet story uv how the bees licked thum Injuns un' saved her cheeses an' hams.

"An' thun there wuz thet other time," began Grandpa, but was checked by Chuck, who ordered the Allies to their "billets" at once, so they would not be late for their duty in the fields.

"Soon's Skipper gets on his feet again, we're all coming over to your place, Grandpa, to hear about the big battle that was fought

on these farms," proposed Chuck, noting the looks of disappointment on the faces of his scouts.

"Thet's right, me byes, bring Skipper, but maybe ut will rain to-morrer, I cun feel ut in me jints," agreed Grandpa, who secretly enjoyed the attentive audience the Allies' patrol had been, even when he told them his oldest and best loved stories of the frontier life during the War of 1812, when Canada almost single-handed successfully defended our great heritage against an invader twelve times as numerous.

As the scouts were waiting for Yank to swing open the gate Anzac asked, "Do you think Grandpa ever caught a spy?"

The only answer was a roar of derisive laughter that stung Anzac to the quick. He then and there vowed to show them.

CHAPTER V.

The First Clew

THE prophecy of Grandpa Secord did not come true.

Instead of the rain he had forecasted, the weather turned exceedingly warm and dry, just the right kind of days for curing hay. The Allies were so tired after their day's work in the hay fields they had no inclination to tease Grandpa for a story. As soon as supper was over they were ready for bed, though the sultriness of the hot summer nights kept the Scouts out under the trees until a late hour.

They would lie there under the green canopy gazing up at the silver stars twinkling through the leaves till the soothing lullabys, wafted gently from the shadowy fields upon the breeze that came with twilight, would close their eyes in the deep

slumber rarely denied those who work faithfully in nature's vineyards; the shrill soprano of the merry cricket lending color and harmony to the deep bass of the bullfrogs, while the distant song of the whip-poor-will and the twittering of the saucy sparrows under the eaves accompanied the piercing drone of the mosquitos or the intermittent bark of a foolish dog who had not yet become acquainted with the moon.

The weather held fine and warm for nearly ten days, enabling the three neighbor farmers, who had kept up the old practice of "tradin' works" by co-operative harvesting, to get their hay cut, cured, and put into the barns under ideal weather conditions.

The Allies were delighted at being able, for the first time during this adventure, to work together on the same task, and their friendly rivalry encouraged such a rapid taking in of the crops, that the three farmers secretly agreed to reward their industry with some holidays before the wheat and oats and fruit would be ready for harvesting.

Skipper, who was fully recovered from the effects of his adventure in the river, was given one of the easier jobs, that of driving the horse rake.

He and Anzac had great fun racing and in keeping the winrows in a straight line yet not getting them too heavy with the heaps of mown hay. If they did they would have trouble with the tedders, which they would later drive up and down the winrows to spread out the hay or turn it after a wetting with the dew so that it would dry before the hay-loaders caught it up to carry it up their endless belts onto the waggons.

It was an interesting job to drive up and down those fragrant fields of newly-mown hay as soon as the sun had begun to dry the cut grass, to drop the long arched teeth of the giant rake till their points touched the ground, then with foot on the tripper start across the swaths dumping the rolled bundles in winrows that must be continued evenly across the field.

Skipper and Anzac at first thought they had a "cinch," but after they had received a couple of painful cracks on the shins from the tripping lever which had snapped backward from an overloaded rake or from a premature pressure on the tripper, they decided there was more to their work than they had anticipated. And then when they looked down those first winrows which looked like a "snake (rail) fence," their chagrin was complete, but they soon learned the trick of keeping them straight. It was easier work with the tedders, except when they jammed and had to be cleaned out. That always tested their patience.

The three farmers took turns running the mower; sometimes two machines were humming their clicking drone all day long, while the other harvesters were forking the winrows into "cocks" or loading the hay upon the long racks for the trip to the waiting hayforks at the barns. Chuck, Yank, and Cod worked alongside of the two farmers helping them "cock up" the hay or lay the big forkfuls in courses, as in building a brick wall, upon the wide hayracks.

When the sky darkened threateningly with rain, all hands turned to cocking up the hay against the storm.

Scotty, Jap, Wireless, and Mate were in the barns "mowing" away the huge masses of hay dropped by the travelling forks hung from the very top of the mow. They were assisted by Cinders and Marne whenever they were not busy with the unloading of the racks.

As soon as a load of hay drove lurchingly up beside the bey, or sometimes the barn itself, Marne would drive the horses, which had been unhitched from the loaded waggon and hitched to the drawrope of the hayfork, while Cinders assisted in blocking the wheels, changing the teams, and forking back onto the waggon the hay that fell off when the big fork, set deep in the load by the farmer, had jerked up and into the mow its great chunks of hay.

Scotty operated the trip line, and many a time he succeeded in burying his comrades under the billows of hay his skill with the line enabled him to drop upon them. Some-

times the boys would ride up on the big fork just for the fun of being tumbled from the barn roof with the hay onto the great piles below.

The work in the sun-scorched fields was hard and muscle-testing, but Chuck and the others preferred it to the hot breezeless barns. Scotty and the other "barn-owls," as they were nicknamed by the "never-sweats" of the field force, were satisfied with their allotted work, so the great task of getting the hay into the barns went smoothly forward.

It was during this haying time that Anzac, whose work was less tiring than that of the other boys, had gone into the ruins of the famous old stone building into which General Sir Isaac Brock was carried after he had been mortally shot while personally leading his gallant York Volunteers against the invading Yankees in the Battle of Queenston Heights in the early dawn of the 13th of October, 1812.

His heart beat with pride as he recalled the stories "Grandpa" had told about General

Brock. How he had rushed up from Niagara at the head of but a handful of redcoats and Indians and charged courageously the greatly superior numbers of the invaders who were well entrenched in the earthworks, now known as Fort Drummond, on the crest of the hill, as well as upon the slopes of the hill itself.

Anzac had always liked the picture of that famous charge of the York Volunteers, and, now, as he stood on the ancient battlefield, right in the very room where the great warrior had given his last drop of blood for the Canada he loved so well, his heart was stirred with a deeper patriotism than he had ever known.

Stepping to the threshold he looked toward the serene, cedared heights that stretched as far as the eye could see on either side of the boundary, broken, just a few hundred yards to the west of the Canadian side of the Niagara, by a cleared promontory jutting out, chinlike, above the collar of emerald that flowed down to the skirts of the village itself. Crowning it was that lasting and impos-

ingly beautiful monument, erected in 1843, as a national tribute to the memory of General Sir Isaac Brock.

The scene was impressive.

Anzac was so fascinated by the vista he did not then notice that a portion of the cliff, jutting out like a huge step half way up from the river to the top of the heights, showing up so prominently in the famous old painting of the York Volunteers' charge, was not now there. He was also unaware of its sudden plunge into the river a few years after the battle, caused, it is said, by its hatred of the Yankee hills just across the river.

For a long time Anzac stood there lost in his thoughts of the great change Time had effected, of how the once hated country to the south had become our greatest friend and trusty neighbor, of how Canada had grown, and what he owed to the hardy frontiersmen who had kept Canada's soil inviolate.

He was awakened from his contemplations by a sharp slap on the back. He drew quickly back to defend himself against the surprise attack of the enemy. It was Skipper. He

had tired of listening to the snores of the other scouts already fallen asleep after their hard day in the hayfields, and had searched out Anzac.

Together they re-entered the old ruins.

The great hand-hewn rafters, rotted with age, had fallen across one end of the single room, the section of roof still clinging to the decaying timbers forming a rude tent-like protection. Behind this was the huge fireplace which to the boys' great surprise showed signs of recent use.

"Spies!" whispered Anzac, his detective instinct asserting itself instantly, causing him to seek other evidences of the fire-builder's identity.

"Forget it, Anzac, this was just some kids playin' Injun," opined Skipper, disgustedly shieing a stone into the ashes in the fireplace. He became quickly alert, however, upon hearing a metallic sound emanating from underneath the ashes where his baseball practice had speedily driven the thrown stone.

In a few seconds both lads were feverishly searching the ash heap for the infernal machine they now knew was there, for hadn't the stone proved it? Skipper gave vent to a hearty laugh when their frenzied search uncovered a smoke-blackened tomato can.

"There's your spy's bombs, Anzac," he said.

"Never mind, Smarty, you won't laugh when we do find real spies, you'll run. That's what you'll do," retorted Anzac, indignant at the aspersions Skipper had cast on his detective ability.

Still debating the question the two scouts passed out onto the road and wended their way back to their billets, for it was getting dark. Anzac was in no mood to carry the search any further under the contemptuous watching of the incredulous Skipper, but he had not given up the search, at least, not yet.

The next few days were too trying for Anzac to go spy-hunting. Having finished the raking, except what little was left after the hay-loaders, which Skipper could easily

do, he had gone into the mow to help Scotty and his detail. So Sunday came and with it came the usual afternoon tramp through the woods.

It was delightful strolling through the sweet-smelling woods where the air was fragrant with the tang of the balsam and cedar, or to sit, as they very often did, upon the ledge above the cool, refreshing spring known as Brock's Spring.

Here they were wont to stay for hours, idly gazing out over the rolling plains, here green, there yellow, yonder brown, denoting the growing, ripened, or harvested fields, that stretched away from the invisible foothill beneath them to the emerald streak outlining the brilliant blue of Lake Ontario, plainly visible for many miles out, dotted here and there with sails and mottled with smoke trails from the steamers. It was a scene dear to the hearts of all the scouts.

It was on this particular Sunday afternoon that a rabbit darted venturesomely out of the woods behind where the Allies lay on the

ledge above the spring and disappeared over the crest of the hill. In an instant the scouts were in pursuit pell-mell down the slope of the hill, but the fleet rabbit easily outdistanced his nimble pursuers. The scouts continued the unequal chase till Rusty shouted, "Look'a here, scouts, what's this?"

The scouts quickly drew up around the deep hole Rusty had discovered. It was too big for a groundhog's hole, too deep for a rabbit burrow, and too exposed for a fox's. The roughly arranged piles of stones on the lower sides made a crude baricade against which rested a worn steel bar. The ground inside the encircling stones gave no clue other than that it had been dug over some time previous, yet not so long ago, for no grass or weeds had yet come up.

The puzzler was the deep hole, almost five feet across at the mouth. It tapered off to about twenty inches where it twisted sideways some distance underground. The scouts were baffled. It might have been a bear's cave, but why the pile of stone and the crow-bar?

Anzac, mindful of the gibings he had endured, kept silent.

He went carefully over every inch of the rough enclosure. He crawled into the hole as far as he could get and then reached in his hand further, but without avail. He examined the crowbar minutely, and lastly the hillside surrounding. No clue could he find, yet he knew there must be one. Spies couldn't come in and build dugouts without leaving some trace, but search as he would he could discover nothing incriminating.

Beaten by both the rabbit and the mysterious hole, the Allies made their way back up the hill and on home. Passing through the Park proper, they spotted the policeman always on guard there, which recalled their duty of reporting everything suspicious to the proper authorities.

The boys reported the existence of the hole with great gusto and many questions as to its meaning. The officer listened amusedly till the boys had finished, then with a smile, he asked the boys if they had ever dug foxes out of their burrows. None of the scouts had,

and they were about to question him further when he was called away leaving the Allies' curiosity unsatisfied.

The mystery gave the boys so much to talk about and ponder over that they did not notice Anzac slipping away and making his way toward the old ruins.

Once in the ruins Anzac set to work to secure his evidence. He was convinced that a spy was at work in the neighborhood. "Why not?" he argued. Surely with all the bridges and powerhouses and soldiers' camps, around here, to say nothing of Brock's Monument or the Welland Canal, a spy could find plenty to do.

Well, he wasn't going to get away as easy as that, at least, not while Anzac was on the job.

The fireplace contained nothing, though he wasn't sure that the ashes were all from wood. In fact, he was almost sure part of them were from burnt papers, but if they were, they were too much decomposed to give any clue. He next turned to the rubbish around the walls, and had circled the enclo-

sure without success when his eye was caught by a flash of white in a wide crack in the wall next to the fireplace.

The wall was so thick that he was forced to get a stick to rescue the piece of paper he had discovered lodged in the crack.

Twice the suction of air flipped the paper back to its lodging place in the crack. The third try was successful, but, much to his disgust, the paper was just an everyday commercial letter, not a spy's orders or report.

Anzac was about to throw the letter away when he bethought himself of the date.

He was surprised to note it was dated "Chicago, June 15th." It had been in the crack less than three weeks. Anzac looked again at the fireplace, but the thoroughly raked ashes could tell him no more now. It was a clue, anyway, doubtful as the letter might prove to be in apprehending the enemy.

However, it was a start, and Anzac was so elated over it that he almost missed seeing the brown, peanut-like thing nestling against the base of one of the rotted rafters. It was

part of a pretzel. Small though it was, to Anzac it was condemning proof of the existence of a spy.

Again he vowed to hunt down the German and feed him to a rattler.

Anzac had said it and Anzac would do it, "come what may," he muttered, stepping triumphantly through the broken doorway on his way back to "billets."

At first the Allies were incredulous and were about to deride little Anzac's announcement of there being a spy at work in their midst. The pretzel convinced them, while the letter and the hole on the hillside assumed larger proportions than they warranted as Anzac built up his case against the spy.

It was Chuck, however, who discovered the real clue.

It was he who first discerned the finely drawn lines forming a perfect apex triangle which marked out the hidden message contained in the innocent looking letter about an ordinary commercial transaction.

Noting the welling tears in Anzac's eyes, Chuck whispered to him assuring him that the spy was Anzac's and that he would help him to apprehend the sneak. It wasn't the credit that Anzac desired, it was the fact that his big brother and superior officer had recognized the existence of "his" spy that brought tears of joy to Anzac's eyes.

The derisive gibes had cut deep, and now that his judgment was vindicated Anzac was so happy he could almost cry, if he hadn't been a scout and on active service in the second line of defence, the S.O.S. trenches.

Together the two brothers spelled out the coded message. It read:

"Sending you two trusty men. Try it on Aug. 1st."

The brothers could make nothing further out of it, yet they were positive it spelled harm to Canada. They were too sensible to pass the information on to all the patrol, and at Chuck's suggestion they kept it to the four scouts who were billeted at Uncle Jack Woodruff's, namely, himself, Anzac, Rusty,

and Yank. At first Anzac objected, but when Chuck explained that it would be necessary to have help to run down the spy he gave in, though still maintaining that he would capture the spy himself.

The next day they finished the haying, and greatly to their astonishment and jubilation they were told of the reward their hard work had earned for them. They were to be given two weeks of holidays. The only thing asked of them in that time was "doin' chores," but this they could arrange in shifts, so that only three boys need work at a time.

Anzac was overjoyed, for now he would have time to run down his spy and yet not be slacking his duty as a Soldier of the Soil.

"The first thing to do, Anzac," suggested Chuck, "is to go to old Niagara and tell the Commandant there about this spy. Then we can get busy ourselves or help him, whichever seems best."

The only answer was a salute.

CHAPTER VI.

The Battle of Queenston Heights.

“What a day!” disgustedly exclaimed Anzac.

The scouts awakened the following morning to find the long prophesied rain had arrived. With many misgivings as to their duty the scouts decided to postpone their trip to Niagara Camp till at least the afternoon, when the Commandant would have more leisure to see them.

So with one accord the Allies congregated at “the Secords” to hear the long promised stories Grandpa Secord had stored up for just such an occasion.

They found the old veteran seated in his favorite chair in the doorway of the barn, where he could look out across the rolling uplands to the heights where Brock’s Monument stood silent sentinel, or to where the cenataph, placed there in 1860 by King Ed-

ward VII., officially marked the spot where Gen. Sir Isaac Brock fell mortally wounded in the great battle. Often his attention was held by the giant thorn trees standing guard over the ivy-festooned ruins of William Lyon MacKenzie's printing house, where was printed the revolutionary propaganda of 1837—it being one of Canada's first printing houses.

The scene became more mysterious as the rain swept across the fields and up the steep sides of the Heights, shrouding now this part, then that part, in a milky mist. These Marne insisted were "gas clouds."

The vivid flashes of lightning and the terrific peals of thunder became as music to the ears of the old veteran, bringing back to him memories of the time when he had faced bullets and cannon balls, first in the scrimmages of 1837, then in the Red River Rebellion, where he lost a leg in hand-to-hand fighting with a massive half-breed.

Marne, Cinders, Mate, and Wireless were first at the rendezvous, for they had only to cross the yard with Grandpa, first wrapping

him well in waterproofs. They were not long in waiting before, from the "billets" on either side of the Secord farm came eight swiftly moving grain sacks with legs under them.

It was the other scouts, who had learned to provide themselves with improvised protection by folding empty grain sacks into hooded capes. The "Lundy" detail won by a fraction, having made the gate first and swinging it wide open to delay the "Woodruff" detail, who had to close it.

Grandpa was delighted to see the boys again and in his querulous way made inquiries of all the lads. Anzac came in for quite a lot of questioning, as did also Skipper, Grandpa believing the scout to be still weak from his misfortune in the river.

"Tell us about the big battle of Queenston Heights," Yank begged, as soon as the boys were all seated comfortably on the piles of hay they had helped to harvest and Grandpa had got his pipe drawing nicely. He was quite anxious to get the Canadian version of

this big battle, so obscure in the history he had studied in the schools back in Pennsylvania.

"Tell us about Laura Secord, Grandpa," interposed Anzac, moving nearer to the old veteran.

"You haven't told us about how you lost your leg yet," reminded Wireless, pulling a succulent stock of clover from the bey behind him.

"That story about Lundy's Lane is the best one, Grandpa, 'member you promised to tell it first chance you got," objected Marne—one of the "Secord" detail.

"Wull, byes, you're figurin' on keepin' me busy, ain't yuh?" laughingly replied Grandpa Secord, highly flattered by the enthusiasm of the scouts.

"Yuh must be a-thinkin' I'm a histry book, one uv thum kind whut works like Sid Henderson's phoneygraph: winds 'em up, puts in new teeth an' begorrey ef they don't spit out thum yarns faster thun yuh cun hear 'em.

"Thar now, see whar thet cloud is a'sittin' on thum cedars thar on the hill. Thot's the place whar thum pesky Yankees wuz hidin' whun our folks found out.

"They hed tried landin' in two places et onct, thet wuz more'n our byes could take keer uv. We stopped thum frum landin' down tuh Vrooman's cove, but a big bunch uv thum muffled their oars so's we couldn't hear the chug-chack uf the oar locks, leastwise thet's whut dad un' the others uster say about ut whun I was a shaver.

"Jack Woodruff over thar hed five uncles un' a grandpop in the fight, they lived right thar next to Auntie Laura's. Thum five byes wuz killed in thet battle, while the old grandpop wuz killed two years after et Lundy's Lane.

"Gar! thet were a bloody battle, byes, though my bye Joe says ez it ain't nothin' tuh thet thar Verdun place over tuh France, but I dun know 'bout thet."

"The Yanks got over and were up there, y'say. Where were the Canadians?" inter-

rupted Chuck, seeing that the old veteran was wandering away from the big story.

"The Canadians, bye, why they wuz only a handful," replied Grandpa, drawing his aged frame up with pride, "but, by gar, they druve thum sneakin' Yanks uver thum heights into the river by the hundreds an' hundreds; gar, it were some fight, lasted all day, but we won, y'bet.

"Guess I'd better tell yuh the story ez dad uster tell it tuh me when I wuz a little nipper, thet wuz about eighty-four er five year ago now," said the old veteran, pausing to relight his pipe and to shift his weight from the rheumatic leg into which the damp was creeping.

"Dad allers begun by tellin' thet thum dodgasted bluecoated rebels whut drove his father an' mother outen the United States (they wuz United Empire Loyalists, an' danged loyal they wuz, too), hed no bizness whutever to start the war back thar in 1812, but start it they did.

"I reckon that's the reason why they lost, 'cause right allers wins in wars or any other place.

"They'd hed quite a few skirmishes up to Detroit, whar Brock un' thet Injun Tecumseh, gar, he wuz a white Injun an' thet loyal yuh couldn't look crossey'd ut the ole Union Jack when he wuz around, so's they says. It were up thar they licked thut coward Hull good an' plenty.

"Thet wuz on August 16th, same's my birthday, thet thum 2,500 Yanks wuth their thirty-three cannon run up the white flag an' surrendered to General Sir Isaac Brock wuth his seven hundred redcoats an' good ole Tecumseh wuth hisn six hundred yelping redskins.

"Gar! dad said thet wuz a great day whun Brock come back to Niagara, but thum Yanks wuz atter him fer whut he did at Detroit.

"So, 'long about October, back in 1812, they begun creepin' up along the Lewiston shor' over thar, but Brock wasn't tuh be caught nappin'. He'd posted his men down near Vrooman's cove, whur thum Yanks

might get across, an' hed some up thar on 'The Step' whut ain't up thar no more.

"Yuh heard about it slidin' inter the river attar the war.

"Wal it were up thar thet the 'Redan Battery' put up sech a gran' fight. B'gar! thum fellers fought thar till they wuz all killed.

"They tried tuh stop thum Yankees from gettin' possession of thum heights, but they wuz too many fer 'em, an' the fellers down tuh Vrooman's cove wuz so busy fightin' the Yanks whut wuz tryin' tuh land down thar, they couldn't help 'em any.

"Thet were on the night uv October 12th, an' it wuz nigh dawn whun ole General Brock an' his Injuns got into the fight. They went right at thum rascals thar on the heights.

"Gar! how they did fight, but Brock he weren't a'goin to let thum hev thet hill, no siree, so he jumps offen his horse an' charges thum dodgasted bluecoats right et the head

uv his brave redcoats, the 'York Volunteers,' but he got wounded right whun they wuz in the thick uv it.

"See thut thar stone over thar where all the little green trees an' flag pole is?

"Wal, thut's whar they says Brock fell, but it ain't nuthin' uv the kind, no siree, ut's nigh three hunnerd feet due north uv thet cenataph thing they put up thar whun King Edward were a prince.

"Folks thought ez it were too muddy over thar by the big stone Tecumseh an' the Injuns rolled over the place whar Brock fell, so they just kinder humored the Prince by puttin' it up thar on high ground, but don' yuh byes fergit the right spot, it be north uv thet stone three hunnerd feet.

"Wal, whun thum Injuns saw the ole General go down they jest naturally got peeved an' set up sech a screechin' an' whoopin' thet the Yanks still over tuh Lewiston thought it wuz all over, so they jest stayed over thar whar they wuz safe.

"Jest the same, we wuz beaten, but we wuzn't lettin' thum danged Yankees know

ut, even ef we wuz; we jest kept a'chargin' 'em every onct in a'while till General Roger Sheaffe cum up wuth sum more redcoats an' Injuns.

"Jest a'fore noon they sneaked off through the bush, 'bout two mile west uv the river, whar there wuz an 'old trail up the heights. They got right up thum cliffs an' 'round thum Yanks a'fore they knewed it.

"Gar! but they wuz scairt whun they heard thum Injuns a'screechin' an' redcoats in the woods on all sides uv thum. An' thar wuz the great gorge uv the Niagara right behind thum. Gar! but they wuz a sick lot an' so scairt uv thum Injuns they jest naturally jumped over thum cliffs rather thun be scalped.

"Grandma uster say whun she wuz a little gurl she uster go up thar along thum cliffs to pick bits uv the Yankees' blue coats offen the trees or tuh hunt fer bayonets or guns.

"Ut were all over in the middle uv the atternoon an' we hed more'n a thousand pri-

soners, more b'gar thun we hed redcoats to guard 'em, but thum bluecoated devils hed killed Brock an' thet were an' awful loss.

"Guess thet explains why we hed sech a tough time uv it the next year, but we stoped thum the year atter at Lundy's Lane.

"Thut jest reminds me uv ole Grandma Woodruff, thar wuz 'nother woman jest like Laura Secord, b'gar!

"Jest a'think uv it, byes, her a'losin' five uv her byes at Queenston Heights in the fight I jest tould ye about, an' then whun she hears about the fight up ter Lundy's Lane, thet were six mile through the bush, whut did she do but ketch the leetle black colt whut hed never been rode before an' strike out fer the battle.

"Guess thet colt knew whut she wuz up ter an' he jest trotted along right smart like a good Canadian colt whut he wuz till they cum to the battle an' thar, right thar in the bushes beside the trail lay a redcoat.

"Grandma Woodruff, she didn't wait tuh see who it wuz, so long as he wore a red coat, she jest hops offen thet colt's back tuh help

the wounded man, an' b'gar, would yuh believe ut, but thet man were Grandpa Woodruff.

"Gar! they'd killed him, too!"

The last part of the story was too near home for the old veteran.

His voice trembled as he thought of the struggles of those he had known in his boyhood days. He looked vindictively across at the United States side of the dividing river.

But as he looked, the sun broke through the dark clouds, bathing first one side of the boundary then the other in a warming flood of beautiful sunlight. The effect on Grandpa Secord was gladdening, and, turning to Yank, he said in a voice husky with emotion:

"Look thar, me bye, see thut sunlight cuming outen thum black clouds. See how it is fallin' on both sides uv thet thar river whut divides us?"

"Joe tells me the Yanks are now fightin' side us over tuh France.

"God bless 'em, sez I, an' I hates 'em, but I'll fergive 'em, bye, an' bury the hatchet.

"See thar whar the sun is a'shinin'?"

"Wal, thet's God a'tellin' us thar's only two countries—one whar the Germans is and the other whar they ain't.

"We're whar they ain't, an', Yank, me bye, Canadians ain't a'goin' ter fergit whut yuh air a'doin' over thar, an' you fellers ain't a'goin' ter fergit whut we did at St. Julien, ner Yyres, ner Vimy, ner thet we wuz in the war fust, be ye?"

"You just bet we won't, Grandpa," emphatically declared Yank, filling with pride at the thought of his being able to speak the sentiments of the country of his birth.

"There are no more Yankees, we are all Americans now, and the United States is proud to be able to fight alongside Canadians. That was what President Wilson and Secretary Lansing said, just that they hoped they would be able to write their names as high up as the Canadians had written theirs at St. Julien and Vimy."

"Gar! I hopes the Kaiser knows thet," gravely replied Grandpa Secord, a merry twinkle coming back into his moist eyes, "but don't yuh fellers over thar think yuh gonner do ut easy, our byes ken fight some yet.

"Thar's ma a'callin' me now, guess we'll hev tuh wait fer 'nother rainy day, byes," remarked the old veteran, rising unsteadily to stump away, his pegleg sinking deep into the soft earth of the yard.

"That's always the luck, just when he's a'going to tell us about Laura Secord he has to go. I'm getting tired waiting for that story," complained Jap, but Chuck, knowing the duty before him, ignored the complaint, proceeding to lay plans for the trip to Niagara Camp.

"You scouts have the day off, except Scotty, who will do the chores at Lundy's, Mate at Secord's here, and Cod who will change with Anzac.

"Rusty, Yank, Anzac and myself are going out on special duty under sealed orders.

"Rusty, you help Anzac get the kits, Yank, you come along with me. You others enjoy yourselves till we get back," ordered the Allies' leader.

The remaining scouts saluted though they were very curious about the special mission, it being the first time such a thing had occurred in their patrol; however they were on active service in the second line trenches and must expect unusual things when at grips with the enemy.

"What will we do this afternoon?" asked Wireless of the group who had assembled to see the four scouts off on their tramp to the unknown destination.

"Let's go huntin' rattlers. They say there's lots of them up at the Whirlpool," suggested Cinders. "Gee, wouldn't it be great to have a bunch of rattles to show the boys back at the city!"

"Naw, tell you what we'll do," said Marne, edging into the centre of the group, "we'll go up along the river to the Whirlpool and Niagara Falls and then come home by way

of Lundy's Lane, it won't be much farther. Then we can say we have seen all the historic spots."

"Come on, then," agreed the others in unison, starting off with swinging strides for the Whirlpool road.

Meanwhile Chuck, Yank, Rusty, and Anzac were rapidly making their way to Niagara down the river road which wound in and out among the thickets, gullies, and farms along the river's bank. It was a beautiful walk, now through verdant peach orchards, now through pine thickets, and then out again on the high bank above the gently flowing wide stretches of the lower Niagara, blue and beautiful between its high wooded banks.

They came out on an open place between pine trees. Half a mile to the north lay a long finger of land reaching almost to the opposite shore. From behind it rose a cloud of rolling smoke, then a white glistening thing showed its nose around the point, a whistle broke the stillness of the scene, echoing and re-echoing

from the gorge behind them, and then they saw the full ship—a Toronto steamer.

It was such a pretty picture, cleaving swiftly through the blue water, outlined so clearly against the vivid green of the opposite shore that the scouts were held in admiration till it had passed by almost beneath them, gliding toward the landing just visible miles up the river.

But the sight of a steamer and beyond it a Suspension Bridge across which electric trolley cars were faintly discernible, were not lost on Yank.

In fact, they impressed him so deeply that he was unconscious of remarking, "Guess there ain't any more ways to show our friendship for Canada now that we're fighting beside them in France."

The other scouts were silent.

CHAPTER VII.

Major Watson

As Chuck and his three scouts neared Niagara Camp they overtook a column of soldiers coming in from a route march. The lads were in a hurry to get their duty done, so they struck a faster pace than the tired soldiers, gradually gaining till they were near the head of the column. Of course the band, leading the column, had quickened their step and now that they were even with it they were loath to leave the music behind.

Chuck, who was setting the pace, kept grimly on till a glad shout from Rusty told him he had found his brother. That settled it. The boys entered camp with the soldiers, Rusty in high spirits at meeting with his brother.

At Chuck's command, Rusty remained near his brother, who would be off duty as soon as his regiment was dismissed. The

other three sought out the Headquarters' building. They were kept waiting for nearly two hours.

Finally they were escorted into the O.C.'s presence.

Briefly they told their story of the spy they were sure existed, and exhibited the code letter and pretzel as proof.

The O. C., impressed by this evidence, called in the Chief Intelligence Officer, repeating to him the information brought in by the scouts, then handing him the letter and pretzel.

Major Watson, who was, in spite of his youthful looks, chief of the Intelligence division, was considered one of the most capable men in the service, having been twice detained from overseas' drafts in order to ferret out the spies threatening the Niagara Camp and frontier.

He looked from the letter to the O. C. and then at the scouts.

At a nod from the O. C., Major Watson quickly began a rapid fire interrogation of

the scouts. As clearly as they could the boys told all about the ruins and how the letter had been decoded, also that they were having two weeks' holidays from their S. O. S. duties.

This information greatly pleased the Major, he could not resist smiling at the eager looks on the faces of the scouts. Anzac's keen eagerness quickly caught the officer's fancy and approval; he was a boy after his own heart.

"Scouts," said the Major, looking searchingly at the patrol's leader, "you have done good work. There are spies at work here alright, but this is the first real evidence we have been able to lay our hands on.

"Would you like to help me in running down these spies?"

"Yes, sir, you just bet we would, sir," eagerly chorused all three, so delighted were they at the prospect of helping such a wonderful spy-hunter as Major Watson.

"Well, scouts, meet me in an hour at the Headquarters' compound gate and we will

get busy, meanwhile amuse yourselves around camp," smilingly announced the Major.

The scouts saluted and retired—happier than they had ever remembered of being.

The Major turned seriously to the grizzled Commandant.

"Colonel Adams, this is serious.

"These scouts have done great work. This letter here means that these dirty sneaks are going to try to destroy the Welland Canal or one of the bridges on August 1st—that's just twelve days away so we've got to work fast if we are to stop their deviltry. This time I'm going to try these scouts—there's a full patrol of them, they say—they are like terriers and can go almost any place without being suspected. It will be a new trick on them anyway.

"I'll take Lewis with me and will follow this thing through till I get them. Things will have to happen quickly now."

"I believe you are right, Major," returned the O.C., the anxious lines of his rugged face relaxing a little.

"The scouts are doing great work overseas in detecting spies. It's a trick the Germans never seem to get wise to, and those lads will be keen, that little fellow particularly. He's the one that found the letter."

"Luck to you, Major, I'll look for company when you come back."

With a salute the Major was gone, for he had many preparations to make before the hour was up.

Once outside Headquarters the Allies could no longer restrain their joy.

With one wild, exuberant whoop, they rolled over and over in ecstasy on the green sward surrounding the compound, then, noting the time, made haste across the parade ground to the lines of the 231st to tell the glad news to Rusty.

Three-quarters of an hour later they were waiting for the Major, eagerly discussing plans to trap the spies.

"Guess you won't get the chance to feed your spy to the rattlers, Anzac," remarked Rusty, who dearly loved to tease the younger lad.

"Don't you worry none about that, Rusty, the spies that I catch will wish they'd never been born. I'll feed 'em to rattlers alright but maybe I can find something worse for them by that time," emphatically replied Anzac, his lithe young body a'throb with excitement as he spied the Major and another man, both in "civies," in the big motor just rounding the corner of the compound.

Noting that the Major was not in uniform, Chuck did not line up the scouts, but met the two officers on the civil footing. Major Watson afterward explained that this was to be strictly adhered to as it was better that no clew to their identity should be given. Any suggestion of their military relations would make the capturing of the spies more difficult were the quarry to become aware of the fact that military officers were on their trail.

As the scouts climbed into the big motor car, they were introduced to Lieutenant Lewis and he to them. Rusty was loath to leave on such short notice, having had but a bare hour with his brother, but he could not resist the lure of the spy chase.

Twenty minutes later, the Major and the boys slipped into the ruins where Anzac had found the letter.

Standing in the doorway the Major studied the interior, quickly and minutely, while Lewis carefully examined the fireplace both inside and out, but without discovering a clue.

The Major had not stirred.

He was endeavoring to reconstruct the scene he was sure had been acted during the spy's or spies' stay under the collapsed roof. It was here the spy had decoded his letter of information.

That fact was obvious, else he would have destroyed it before, for its information did not warrant its being kept, especially as its possession would be incriminating were the spy caught.

Then followed the thought that the letter must have been received either here at this rendezvous or shortly before.

The latter theory seemed the more likely.

This established the fact that there must have been at least two in hiding here.

This was further substantiated by the fact that the letter had been sucked from the fire before it had been burned. Had the spy been alone his attention would have been concentrated upon the destroying of that bit of convicting evidence, whereas were there two of them, it was quite possible that the letter had been tossed on the fire at the moment the other had distracted the attention of the receiver of the letter from the fire thereby allowing the letter to escape unburnt without its being noticed.

Only an altercation with his confederate would account for the distraction of attention from such an important duty, so evidently the spies were not in harmony.

What would cause a disagreement?

Well, it might have been the small number of men that were being sent, or it might have been conflicting plans as to hiding-places. The proximity of the ruins to the main thoroughfare and the curiosity that would be aroused should either smoke or flame be seen by the villagers made this retreat most dangerous.

Evidently the spies were going to attempt a big job.

The Major was convinced of that, else why should there be such long continued activity without any acts of violence? Yet the unsuitableness of the ruins as a hiding-place seemed the more probable cause of the disagreement. That would make it necessary for the spies to leave something to indicate to other spies where the new hiding-place was.

Surely that was the explanation of that long strip of cedar bark lying in a queer shape between four stones, placed equi-distance apart.

Stepping across the single room, the Major closely scrutinized the ground at the rear of the ruins. It was as he had suspected. There

was a faintly discernible path running through the wilderness of weeds and underbrush which had been growing unchecked for years.

At a nod, Lewis, who had sensed his chief's theory, followed up the path to find its origin, while the Major returned to study further the queer piece of cedar bark.

Much to his surprise, though greatly to his delight at such early evidence of his good judgment in securing the assistance of the scouts, he found Anzac explaining the hidden meaning of the cedar bark to the other scouts.

Without disturbing them the Major listened.

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"Y'see the way that bark is pointing?" eagerly asked Anzac.

Before any of the scouts could reply he continued, "It's a'pointing straight toward the road that runs up over the hill towards the Falls. Y'know, the one we come down when we came here.

"Notice how this bark is crooked just like that road, and here it turns where that road runs down to the river, 'member the one Mr. Lundy said went down to some flats.

"An' then look at these four stones, will you? I'll bet you anything they mean four miles. See how they are all the same distance apart? That's it alright, 'cause this bark is from a red cedar and that only grows where it is damp or close to the water. Guess the feller what was here came from those flats to meet the others."

"That's good work, Anzac," congratulated the Major, who had already got on familiar terms with his scouts even to calling them by their nicknames; "you've solved the riddle alright. That's a good beginning.

"Now the next thing is to find where these German sneaks are hiding and to capture them."

"Are you going to let Anzac feed these spies to rattlers like he said he was going to if we catch them?" mischievously interrupted Rusty, much to the amusement of all

but the indignant Anzac, who glared vengeance at his tormentor.

"We've first got to catch them, boys," cautioned the Major, then turning to Lewis, asked, "What luck, Lewis?"

"They've been using this place for some time, sir; the trail was quite well worn in spots.

"It ends this side of the stone wall dividing this property from the barnyard next, which accounts for the path not being noticed particularly, as the barnyard is pretty well trampled. There were a great many foot-prints in the soft earth quite near the wall. Some were coming, some were going; most of them were civy shoes, but one was certainly worn by a man with military training. All were made some days ago, before the last rain, for they were partly obliterated."

"That proves our theory that this was used as a rendezvous but that now they have shifted their headquarters," replied the Major.

Then grasping Anzac's shoulder affectionately, he continued, "We've found a great Sherlock Holmes here, Lewis. This lad has picked up the trail by reading that cedar bark map they left there under that decayed rafter. He even tells us where to go to find them. We had better get going or he will have these fellows captured before we know where we are."

"Guns ready?"

"Yes, sir," responded Lewis, glancing significantly at the boys.

"You lads got any revolvers or guns?" asked the Major.

"I've got a slingshot, Major, an' so's Rusty. Chuck an' Yank can borrow guns from Uncle Jack, he's got lots," quickly answered Anzac, not giving Chuck a chance.

"A slingshot's a great weapon if you can shoot straight, but you'd better get the guns, boys, no telling whether we may need them or not," advised the Major, his heart uneasy about taking these lads into such a wild adventure, but their great work in deciphering the bark map over-ruled his misgivings,

and he contented his conscience with the thought that these lads were not boys but Soldiers of the Soil who were on active service for their country, pledged to defend Canada with their very lives if necessary.

A few minutes later the big motor was climbing the steep mountain road skirting the bald face of the hill where "The Step," which Grandpa Secord had described, had fallen away in its leap at the offending bank on the other side of the river.

The road leading to the flats, known locally as "Foster's Flats," but designated in the official guide-books as "Niagara Glen," was easily located and followed to its terminal—a farmyard.

Here the Major and company debouched from the big motor, leaving it in the shade of a maple tree, and slipped, in single file, across the trolley tracks into the wooded path that led to the stairs zig-zagging down the cliff to the glen park below.

The Major and Lewis were alert for any signs of the enemy.

Their clumsy tactics amused the scouts, who were working carefully toward the stairs Indian fashion, deployed out on both sides of the officers.

The stairs were reached without sighting the enemy or finding anything that even suggested their presence. The officers carefully descended the steps, but the scouts slid the bannisters reaching the bottom long before they did.

Like hares they darted into the woods on either side of the stairs to await the arrival of the officers, whose first glimpse of the flats had convinced them of the hopeless task of trying to find a spy in that wonderful maze of trees, bushes and rocks. However, they were determined to reconnoitre the ground before getting reinforcements.

Boldly they strode down the main path as if they were tourists.

The boys, aghast at such scouting methods, stuck to their Indian ways, slipping carefully through the wooded places lining the nature-cushioned path. In and out among the trees,

grotesque from their struggles to eke out an existence in the rocky ground, the scouts wormed their way down towards the lower levels.

They were amazed at the wondrous beauty of the flora.

They knew enough about botany to recognize some of the wild flowers they saw everywhere yet they were only able to place a few of the innumerable varieties abounding in that sylvan glade.

The hemlock undergrowth afforded them plenty of shelter from observation but the beauties of the gnarled trees, growing here and there out of rocky crevices in which no earth at all was visible, soon had the scouts in their power. Unconsciously, they came out of the underbrush into the open pathway, following in motley formation behind the officers.

The labyrinth of paths was baffling.

In fact the whole glen was an ideal place for such a game of hide and seek. A fugitive could hide undetected within a few feet of his pursuer almost anywhere.

The Major and the scouts came suddenly upon the turbulent river where it dashes madly through the long lower rapids, just a mile below the whirlpool, with such force that the water is held in a curve several feet higher in the centre of the river than at the sides, being sufficiently rounded to hide the American waterline from sight of any one standing at the Canadian water's edge.

It was a thrilling sight to watch those plunging torrents of water, hurtling through the gorge with the speed of an aeroplane, only to burst heavenward in a cloud of spray the moment they hit one of the hidden rocks. The roar of the rapids was almost deafening, so much so that the Major had to shout almost in the ears of the scouts to draw them away from the fascination of the scene.

The Niagara Glen lies sloping in a great semi-circle beneath the cliffs on the Canadian side of the Niagara Gorge just a half mile below the Whirlpool, being about three-quarters of a mile wide at its widest and about two miles in length.

To search such a maze with the small force at his command seemed absurd and useless. Still the Major was determined to become better acquainted with the paths and formation of this wonderland of flowers, ferns, and rocks, so he formed the scouts into parties of twos sending them down the paths toward the north end of the flats while he and Lewis took a path each.

Thus they spent the remaining hours of daylight in diligently becoming familiar with the geography of the hiding-place of the spies they all knew were in hiding there. The events of the future were destined to make this irksome preparatory work of invaluable use in running down the gang of spies operating along the Niagara Frontier.

Anzac, who had followed one of the dividing paths while Rusty followed the other, came to a dead end. Here one of the park-keepers was at work clearing out under-brush. !

It was from this keeper that Anzac got the first clew.

Beating his way back Anzac found the others waiting for him ready to commence the return journey to billets. On the way up the Major heard the reports of the findings, mentally recording the information about the winding paths.

Anzac's discovery that the park-keeper had seen some dead camp fires and had noticed two men whom he had taken to be fishermen making their way along the shore toward the south end of the flats, greatly impressed the officers, who were now fully convinced that they had discovered the lair of the enemy. It was too late to do more that day, so they made haste to get back to their auto.

The Major let the boys down at the top of the Heights, advising them to keep silent and ordered them to meet him at the stairway two days hence, bringing with them the others of the patrol.

It had been a great day for the scouts, and with a sharp salute they raced away to tell their adventures to the others of the Allies.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lundy's Lane.

THE adventures of the Allies during that day had been so exciting that none of them wanted to go to sleep.

Their whole thought was centred on plans for rounding up the spies. Wireless was for smoking them out, while Marne thought the best way was to starve them.

Anzac, however, was determined to go in after them and fight till the sneaks were captured or killed. With this object in view he was practising constantly with his sling-shot, with which he was already an expert.

The animation of their discussion had aroused the curiosity of Grandpa Secord. With halting steps he made his way, unobserved, out under the apple trees where the Scouts were wont to gather during the hot July nights.

With a shout of glad welcome the scouts made room for the old veteran, each one of them held in great affection, Cinders running to get Grandpa's favorite chair off the verandah.

The warning "S-s-h" and the meaning look shot around the group by Chuck, mindful of the Major's injunction to secrecy, silenced the tongues of the Allies, who were just bursting to tell Grandpa the great news.

Marne, seeing the puzzled look on the old veteran's face at the sudden cessation of conversation, relieved the situation by telling of their trip to the Falls and Lundy's Lane. This was at once interesting to Grandpa, who had not seen the site of the old battlefield for many years. It had been his habit to visit the old burying-ground on the top of the ridge over which ran Lundy's Lane, to put flowers on the graves of the old veterans he knew who were buried there alongside of those who had given their lives in the defence of Canada in the great and bloody battle fought on those slopes.

For some time the boys were busy answering Grandpa's questions about the place. They were surprised that he knew so much about the historic site, but when they looked at his long beard and flowing hair and recalled that he had lived all of his ninety odd years within a few miles of the old battle-field, such a familiarity seemed not unusual.

At last the old veteran's fears that the graves of his friends were not being properly tended to were allayed and he set back in his chair with a deep sigh of contentment, but the boys were not going to let him off so easy. There were many stories about the frontier they had been wanting to hear for many months, and to-night would be a good chance to reduce the number, so with their accustomed adroitness they began to tease the old story-teller for another tale.

It tickled Grandpa immensely to have the scouts coax him for a story, and it was for his own secret enjoyment that he let them wheedle him so long.

To-night he was in a funny mood, and it pleased him to make the boys work hard for

their story. He struck playfully at them with his cane to encourage their coaxing.

At last, while smartly rapping the heel of Anzac's boot, he spied a chunk of grey shale fall from its lodging-place against the heel.

Instantly he was alert, demanding where that grey shale came from, and accusing Anzac of being away up the river above where the Battle of Queenston Heights was fought.

"Why, what difference does that make?" quickly inquired the surprised Anzac.

"Doan yuh know 'bout thet ole Injun legund an' why the shale down here whar the battle wuz fought wuz allers red whun it is grey all the other places 'long the ruver?" asked Grandpa in great surprise.

"Why thum Injuns allers claimed it wuz the Yankee blood whut makes the shale redlike down here whar the battle wuz fought. I reckon thar wuz enough uv it spilled an' maybe thet's why it allers stains so badly an' why yuh ken niver wash it outen clothes or nothin'.

"Dinged ef I don't believe thum Injuns wuz right in thet idea uv theirn.

"Look at it ez you likes that thar shale is red only whar thet battle wuz fought an' no whar else; everywhar else ut's grey. Thar yuh be, whut made ut red, eh?"

"Why, isn't it red at Lundy's Lane?" asked Marne.

"Ut is; didn't yuh notice how red the sand up thar wuz an' how brown the loam looks? Injuns say it wuz the Yankee blood what did ut; anyhow thar it be, an' thar wuz whar the battles wuz fought," vigorously answered the old veteran, annoyed at having his word doubted.

"Oh! tell us about the battle of Lundy's Lane, Grandpa," eagerly coaxed Anzac, supported by an approving chorus from the other scouts.

"Yuh be allers a'waitin' me to tell yuh yarns; gosh, yuh youngsters be a'livin' in jest as stirring times ez thum times uster be," began the old veteran, after protesting feebly against the boys' request.

"Wal, tuh begin with, it were in 1814, the war hud been dragging along like all spring. The Yankees tried to sneak up the Richelieu down Quebec way but they struck a snag et a place called Lacolle Mill.

"Gosh all hemlock! ef they didn't get licked good an' plenty thut time et thut thar place. They jest hopped away frum down thar an' cum up ter Chippewa, thet be above the Falls.

"It were thar they licked ole General Riall day after the foorth uv July an' a bloody battle thet were too but we got 'em gude an' plenty 'bout three weeks later up thar et Lundy's Lane.

"Gar! byes, but thet wuz a turrible battle.

"Thum danged Yankees wuz so cocky cuz they'd licked us et Chippewa, an' 'cuz their General Brown an' thet dare-devil Win Scott wuz a'sickin' 'em on, thet they thought nuthin' cud stop 'em.

"An' by heck! et kept ole General Riall a'humpin' tuh hold 'em.

"Dinged if thum Yanks didn't hev four thousand blue coats agin' ourn two thousand

but we held 'em all thet first evenin' uv the battle, the 25th uv July et were, though dad allers allowed thet we wuz beaten 'cause thum Yanks wuz a'killin' off our men twice uz fast ez we wuz a'killin' theirn an' they hed twice uz many left uz we hed so I guess ef Gen. Drummond hedn't cum'd up when he did wuth another thousand er so uv fresh fighters an' sum Injuns—the Yanks allers wuz skeered uv thum redskins—they'd hev licked us, surer thun shootin'.

“But thum fellers Drummond fetched along pitched in an' fought so hard thet the next morning whun the battle wuz ready tuh start agin' the Yanks quit 'cause their ginerals wuz shot.

“Gar! et were an awful battle, byes.

“Thet ole lane wuz jest kivered wuth dyin' men, a'groanin' an' a'cryin' fer water. Et were July, y'know, an' thet hot hens wuldn't set, an' great cricks uv blood run'd clear down tuh the river thar by the Falls.

“The British an' Canadians an' Injuns wuz so tuckered out by the long fight which hed

lasted frum 'bout six, supper-time, till nigh onto midnight whun thum Yankee ginerals got wounded.

"The next ginerals quit 'cause they hed got their fill uv chargin' thet line uv redcoats thar on the top uv the hill close by the buryin' ground you youngsters saw.

"Et uz no use talkin', Lundy's Lane were sum awful battle.

"Jest think uv et.

"Thar they wuz two great bunches uv men, one bunch in bluecoats an' the tuther in red 'uns, a'killin' each other all fer nuthin' at all, jest like two brothers what fights each other jest 'cause they's brothers.

"Thar they wuz a'talkin' the same lang-uidge, a'cussin' wid thum same words, yet a'tryin' to shoot each other.

"It were awful.

"Whun they cleaned up thet battle-field, the Canadians an' redcoats hed tuh do thet fer the Yankees hed gone back home, they counted 878 British an' Canadians dead outen the three thousand we hed an' 854

outen the four thousand the Yankees hed, an' then thar wuz the wounded fellers whut got better atterwards.

"Ut were the bloodiest battle uv the 'hull war, 'ceptin' perhaps thet blunderin' butchery down ter N'Orleans atter peace had been signed up.

"Thet dunderheaded English ginerel down thar hed no sence 'tall, jest let his men be butchered he did, but I guess fer the number uv men in ut Lundy's Lane wuz bad 'nough.

"Anyhow it were the last battle tuh be fought in these parts from thet day tuh this, an' the Yanks an' us hez been at draws ever since till the Kaiser kicked up this fight over tuh France an' Belgium. An' now the Yanks an' us are a'fightin' in the same lines.

"Gar! thet be the way fer English lang-uidge fellers to be a'doin, ain't et, Yank?" inquired the old veteran preparing to retreat into the house, for the hour was getting late.

"You are right, Grandpa, the Sammies and the Canadians are going to lick the stuffin' out of the Germans and make them let little nations alone," emphatically declared Yank.

"You haven't told us about Laura Secord yet nor about the old printing house over there or how you lost your leg and a lot of other things you promised," protested the boys, but Grandpa Secord was obdurate, insisting that it was time for him to be in bed.

Reluctantly the scouts acquiesced, remaining for some time afterwards discussing the great battle and replanning campaigns for capturing the spies they had trailed.

At last they parted for their billets, though few of them slept soundly that night.

The next morning broke dull and cloudy; before breakfast was over it was raining, gradually increasing until about noontime the downpour was terrific.

The Allies had nothing much to do so they all went over to the Secord barn where there was some harness to grease. Chuck took over a set of harness his Uncle Jack wanted greased up. They were still at it when dinner was called.

Dinner over they all went back to the Secord barn to finish the harness, for none of them had any desire to be away from their billets for fear the Major might come after them.

The weather had cleared up and the sun was shining brilliantly, making the glistening drops of water clinging to the trees and vines in Fairview appear like sparkling gems. The air was fragrant with the aroma of clean earth. The boys loved the country at such a time, dreading the time when they would have to go back to the smoke and grime of the overcrowded city.

The familiar old arm chair near the door of the barn was not long unoccupied after the sun began to shine warmly, for Grandpa dearly loved to sit in the wide open doors of the barn, his pipe alight and his ageing nostrils sniffing the sweet smell of cured clover in the hay behind him. The Allies hurried with their work, so anxious were they to hear another of Grandpa's famous stories.

This time they were going to hear about Laura Secord.

After much coaxing, the old veteran started to tell them about the old printing house William Lyon Mackenzie utilized back in 1837 to print his revolutionary propaganda. Grandpa just wouldn't tell his best story till he was good and ready, though he did promise the scouts he would tell it to them before they went home in the fall.

The scouts were disappointed, but they settled themselves to hear the story of the old ruins they had examined wonderingly many times since coming to Queenston as Soldiers of the Soil to do their bit in helping win the war.

"Y'see, et were like this, byes," began Grandpa, pointing with his trusty cane across the rain-soaked fields to where the giant old thorn trees stood guard over the three ivy-festooned stone walls, all that to-day remains of the famous old print shop which was partly responsible for the great constitutional reforms which have made Canada such a free country.

“William Lyon Mackenzie wuz a Scotchman an’ a fighter. He wuz agin’ the guv’nment an’ he were right tuh be agin’ et fer et wuz thet dodgasted bunch of tyrants which we uster call the ‘Family Compact.’

“Mackenzie didn’t like the way they wuz runnin’ the country—Upper Canada it wuz called in thum days, leastwise all west uv Quebec wuz Upper Canada.

“So atter much splatherin’ round speechifyin’ Mackenzie got mad an’ thought it wuz time to start a revolution; thet wuz long about 1837. Mackenzie did get a thousand er so of rebels together over et Montgomery’s Tavern, jest north uv Toronto.

“Et wuz Col. FitzGibbon, the feller who ez a lieutenant wuz warned by Laura Secord up ter Beaver Dam an’ licked the Yankees thar, wuz the soldier whut put down Mackenzie’s rebellion.

“It wuz easy, thar wuz only one uv the hot heads killed an’ a dozen or so wounded. They say thet William Lyon Mackenzie hiself escaped tuh Yankeeland by dressin’ up ez a woman in petticoats.

"He got over tuh Buffalo an' raised a bunch uv Fenians whut comed back wuth him tuh Navy Island up thar above Niagara Falls.

"Yev heard 'bout the 'Caroline,' thet wuz the ship they hed tuh supply thum with provisions an' tuh attack Canada wuth till Capt. Drew an' a bunch uv loyal Canadians rowed over thar one dark night, set the Caroline a'fire an' sent her a'zippin' over the Falls.

"The Yanks wuz wild over thet brave deed. They wuz sore thet a handful uf Canadians wud come over an' burn a Yankee boat right under the noses uv the guns in their forts an' kill one uv thum Fenians, whut claimed tuh be a Yankee citizen, but then the Governor tould 'em they shouldn't hev let Mackenzie get thet bunch uv Fenians to-gether in Buffalo an' then cum into Canada in a Yankee boat.

"Thet were an act uv war on their part he sez, an' they sees et too, so they sez alright, we'll call et square, an' we shook hands.

"Whut wuz the use uv goin' tuh war over a Fenian?"

"They ain't a'goin' tuh be no more wars wuth the United States an' I'm durned glad. An' hanged ef I haint let my ole smoothbore get rusty long ago.

"No use a'polishin 'her up, I sez, ef yuh aint never goin' ter use her, so thar she hangs above the old fireplace over tuh Joe's thar."

"Now tell us about Laura Secord and Fitz-Gibbon, Grandpa," interrupted Rusty.

"Tell us about how you lost your leg," requested Anzac, more to torment Rusty than because he wanted to hear the tale.

"Yuh byes is altogether too anxious tuh hear about Aunt Laura. Et's a gude thing fer leetle fellers, like you be, tuh larn patience. So I'll please the leetle lad over thar, he's powerful curious 'bout my peg," answered Grandpa, stroking his long beard reflectively.

"I've hed this peg har so long I've kinder fergotten how I cum by et," he began, first

lighting his old corncob pipe, "but et wuz all due tuh thet durned half-breed Riel whut cut up sech didoes out Manitobey way on the Red River whun the Hudson's Bay fellers wuz runnin' the country.

"I wuz a wild young feller 'bout thet time an' wanted sum excitement like whut my dad hed in the war round these parts. So I lights out west thar one spring an' before I knowed et I wuz mixed up wuth that dumned breed an' his rebellion.

"I pulled up et a place called Portage La Prairie—why they guv et sech a consarned name ez thet I cud never make out but et had et an' et's stuck tuh this day.

"They wuz a lot uv Englishmen thar.

"Whun that Riel feller got saucy, we took a crack et him but he wuz too much fer us. We wuz only a handful agin a whole mob uv thum breeds.

"One uv thum, a great big black-haired Injun wuz a'comin' right et me whun I stopped him with a bullet. I thought he wuz

dead an' charged ahead wuth the rest whun he cum to an' fired his ole blunderbuss plump inter my leg.

"Gar! he dumned near blew et offen altogether but he got whut he deserved fore I left him ter crawl back tuh our doctors.

"They wuz so busy they cudn't take time tuh save my leg so I sez 'Saw it offen an' help the other byes, I ken get along wuth a peg, thut'll be bettern most uv thum.' So offen they sawed et an' here I be, peg an' all.

"I missed all the sport whun Wolseley cum up across Thunder Bay an' put Riel tuh running fer his life.

"They should hev hung him thun an' bin rid uv the devil onct fer all, but dumned ef they cud ketch him.

"They got him an' hung him a few years later after Batoche, back thar in 1885. Et were at Regina.

"He got a broken neck an' I got a peg leg.

"An' bless my heart, ef I didn't find a corn a'growin' on et t'other day," laughed the old

veteran, patting his peg affectionately before moving his chair out of the sunlight which was beginning to creep across the doorway.

It was chore time and the boys departed to do their duty.

Chuck had secured permission for all the twelve to be absent the following day by intimating to the farmers that the patrol was going out on special duty for Canada though without actually telling them what that duty was. However, George Lundy had slyly remarked that "snakes couldn't eat big men so it would be better to bring them home."

It still lacked an hour of dawn when the boys got their chores done and assembled for the four mile march to the flats.

They had packed their kit bags with rations the night before, and were soon swinging eagerly up the long slope. It was just beginning to get light when they came in sight of the stairway, an hour later. Chuck had timed them, and felt proud that the scouts could make such fast time over such obstacles as they had come through.

Half an hour later the Major and Lieut. Lewis appeared, followed by seven sturdy-looking men.

One of them was in the uniform of the Provincial Park Police, who police the Queen Victoria Park, extending as it does from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. (This provincial park controls a strip of land sixty-six feet wide from the highest known "high water mark" along the entire river between the two lakes as well as the various parks publicly known to be under its care.)

The Major was delighted to meet again his friends Chuck, Anzac, Rusty, and Yank.

He shook hands with them with a vigor that made their fingers ache for a long time after. Chuck introduced the Major and Lieut. Lewis to the rest of the patrol, while the other boys were getting acquainted with the men the Major had brought along. The introductions over, the company moved toward the stairs, down which they slipped as quietly as it was possible for such a big aggregation.

Reaching the bottom, the Major posted a sentinel at the stairs, while the policeman led the way along under the great overhanging cliffs that jutted far out over the path like the roofs of a Chinese pagoda, rutted and checked with a curious pattern left by the disintegrating sandstone melting in the lapping waves that centuries ago must have laved their face.

The scouts were puzzled by the new route, but were game to follow the Major anywhere, especially so when he swung along as confidently as he was now doing.

Evidently he knew where he was going and how he was going to get there.

Presently the path, clinging close under the shelving ledges, dropped steeply away from its protection down into the swampy slopes marking the northern end of the great maze. The Major halted, waiting for the company to come up.

It was here he outlined his campaign.

The men the Major had brought along were all familiar with the Glen, knowing it like a book. They had been the "rattle-snake

hunters" who for nearly four years patrolled the Glen to exterminate the rattlers which abounded there.

To-day the Glen is a paradise entirely free from any reptiles, gloriously beautiful in its plethora of wild flowers, its twining trees, its sparkling springs, and grotesque rock formations, relics, they claim, of the glacier period.

These men were to beat the swamp while the scouts were to so post themselves along the path which led from this point straight down to the water's edge, that they could detect any signs of the enemy coming out of the swamp ahead of the beaters.

The policeman would guard the cliff end of the path, while the Major would be half way down—the lieutenant posting himself at the river.

A shot or a whistle blast was to be the signal a spy had been sighted and all were to rush to that point.

A sharp command and the company separated to do their appointed work, Anzac, Rusty, Cod, Jap, Scotty, and Marne getting

the section between the policeman and the Major, while Chuck, Yank, Wireless, Skipper, Mate, and Cinders guarded the lower section between the Major and Lieutenant Lewis at the water's edge.

Secreting themselves at vantage points where they could watch unobserved all movements in the section they were to guard, the Allies took stock of their improvised armaments and prepared to await, as calmly as they could, the signal for the grim work which they knew must be done before the sun had passed its zenith.

CHAPTER IX.

The Spy Hunt.

GOSH! my legs are stiff!" muttered Anzac.

Two hours' vigil in the crotch of a dwarfed tree was a muscle, and nerve-tiring task, yet it was the only place where he could conceal himself and still have a clear vision of the wooded paths around him.

Something moved down the path.

Anzac raised his catapult to take aim at the figure of a man he thought he had seen moving a second before down the crook of the path to the right.

His whistle was poised between his lips, ready for the warning signal, but he first wanted to make sure.

Yes! it was a man.

He was backing up the path, peering intently into the bushes at one side.

The heavy rubber bands murmured expectantly as they were drawn taut for the shot. shot.

Anzac shifted his position slightly to get a better target just as the man straightened up. Anzac was thankful for hours afterward that he had waited, for, as the man turned his face up the path, Anzac recognized one of their own company.

Quickly he came down out of the tree, to report the arrival of the beaters to the Major, who was next to him down the main path.

The northern end of the flats had been searched without locating any spies or finding any signs of their presence.

The Major and Lewis were unperturbed, though the scouts were so disappointed that their crest-fallen faces and dejected air brought a hearty laugh from the officers.

"Don't feel badly, lads; we're hunting clever men who won't be caught easily, but we'll find them yet before the sun gets much higher," confided the Major, hoping to cheer up the spirits of the lads.

"We'll get 'em alright, Major," grimly replied Anzac, testing for the 'steenth time his trusty slingshot.

"I wouldn't give much for Goliath when he meets you, David," laughingly returned the Major, waving the men into the woods on the other side of the path for the search of the southern end of the flats.

This side of the woodland maze was narrower but much more rugged and picturesque, being dotted here and there with miniature grottoes and leaning rocks which formed long tunnel-like caves.

It was an ideal place for hiding or for back tracking, and to prevent this the Major, Lewis, and the policeman kept somewhat in the rear of the advancing beaters.

The scouts were divided into three sections, one to scout along the water's edge where the roar of the rapids would drown a revolver shot, another to follow the four main paths southward, while the men searched the shrubbery and the caverns in the rocks, while the other four boys followed

the barren streak, lying gaunt and rugged under the shadows of the great o'erhanging cliffs that zig-zagged upward into the blue sky for nearly a hundred feet.

The upper beat had been given to Anzac, Rusty, Marne, and Skipper because they were the youngest lads, and this was the most unlikely place for spies to seek shelter, it being too open.

The Major and the policeman were of the opinion that they would be found in one of the grottoes in the centre where most of the men were working. Here Chuck and Yank, who had been armed with army automatics, and Cod and Mate, who had their .22 rifles, kept watch over the open pathways.

The heaviest armament of the other scouts were the strong catapults Anzac and Marne were so jealous of, and the heavy loaded sticks Rusty, Skipper, and most of the other boys had made for the occasion.

It was slow work hunting across the rough, rocky recesses of the southern flats, but the company kept determinedly on, searching

carefully every place where a spy might lurk. Every cave was minutely examined for clues that would prove Anzac's reading of the cedar bark map to be correct.

The searchers were converging upon a placid bay, beautiful and serene, held playfully in a pocket formed by the steep bank of the river proper and a jutting point of the flats which reached out its slender finger of rock toward where the Niagara formed the world's greatest maelstrom.

From their high elevation under the heel of the cliffs, Anzac and his three companions could see, dropping away beneath them, an undulating mass of emerald waves, broken here and there by rambling grey ridges of towering rocks or by gaunt, bone-white spires marking where proud pines still defied the elements even after death.

The beautiful panorama momentarily held the scouts in its spell. It was almost like a fairy land.

They could see through the wind-tossed trees the dashing spray where the plunging waters of the river broke white against the

buried rocks. Directly south, half a mile beyond that bold, slender rock, dividing the shimmering pool almost beneath them from the rushing currents of the river, the white-crested upper rapids were visible for a few yards above where they tore into the swirling waters of the Whirlpool, there to circle for days till thrust out into the racing currents of the lower rapids by the point, off which Capt. Webb lost his life in trying to swim those turbulent rapids.

Watching that tossing stream, Marne, thinking of the trip he had recently enjoyed to the Falls and Lundy's Lane, remarked, "Well, I don't believe the 'Maid of the Mist' or any other steamboat could live in those rapids or whirlpool."

"It seems impossible," returned Skipper.

He had talked "sailin' " with the weather-beaten old captain of the present saucy "Maid of the Mist" which daily, during the summer season, makes many trips right up to and almost under the plunging waters of the Falls itself.

He had learned from the "Cap." the almost unbelievable yet *true* story of the big boat—as big as the present "Maid of the Mist"—which went down through those raging rapids when the customs officials on both sides were waiting on the docks to seize the ship should she land.

Finally caught by the current the boat had to go through, smash or no smash. There was no other alternative.

"They say it turned the captain's and the engineer's hair white, they were so skairt at being the only ones on the boat and having to go through those rapids up there. It must have been awful, even if they did make it," shuddered Marne, who disliked boats.

"Look, there are the other boys out on that point now, we must hurry," interrupted Anzac, starting off quickly to round the ledge barring their further progress.

They hadn't gone far before they came up against a sheer cliff rising straight out of the placid waters of the pool below.

"We'll have to go back and go down where that last path led down over the rocks," an-

nounced Anzac, edging his way back from the lookout on the cliff.

Rapidly the four scouts made their way back to the trail and went cautiously down into the cool fragrance of the shaded depths.

A quarter of an hour later they came out on the tiny sandy beach of the cove, having glimpsed several of the men working in close to the Major, who was beginning to lose his confidence in the spies being hidden in the Glen.

The clue the old parkman had given them on their first visit had not developed encouragingly. Although they had covered the part where the smoke had been seen, not a trace of a camp fire had been found.

Evidently the light and smoke had come from the fire of a poacher trying his luck spearing the sturgeon which love to wrestle with the fast waters of the rapids.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the company came together at the cove.

Anzac, Rusty, Marne, and Skipper were already in wading, their shoes, stuffed with stockings, slung around their necks.

The Major was for pushing on further up the steep banks of the river which rose sheer from almost the water's edge to the level of the tableland above, but the policeman and the other beaters said it was useless, as the open, rocky sides of the banks would not shelter anybody. If anybody were in hiding in the Glen it would be in the wooded part across which they had just come.

Still the Major looked determinedly at those steep banks with their sparse, scraggley bushes and would have gone ahead clear through to the Falls itself if necessary, but when Lewis and Chuck, who had been reconnoitring the cove, reported that the Glen was shut off from the rest of the bank by the sheer cliff partly hidden behind the trees, the Major was reluctantly convinced of the uselessness of continuing the search in that direction.

The order was given to prepare the rations for the noon meal, after which they would

search again the area over which they had gone so thoroughly.

None of them, except Chuck and Yank, noticed the peculiar actions of Anzac, who with Rusty and Marne, was wading over near the tall cliff.

Chuck and Yank were curious about his sudden peering into the water, the pointing of the young scout to what must be tracks in the sand under the water, and then the dash of all three toward the farther side of the cliff, where it gave way to the regular formation of the river bank.

Seeing them disappear behind a rock, Chuck and Yank started in pursuit, and it is well they did so.

Anzac had been so chagrined at the mis-carrying of his information about the whereabouts of the spies that he could not give up the search.

He would prove to the Major and the others that the spies were here and that the cedar bark map meant what he had said that it did.

He was idly wading around in the cool waters trying to think out how he would act if he were a spy when, on nearing the base of the cliff, he noted footprints on the sandy bottom.

They were deep sunk and far apart as if made by men who were running.

The narrow beach showed no footmarks, but that was easily explained when one stopped to consider that it was only necessary to utilize the many flat stones as steps to reach the water, but once in the water the trail was faint but yet quite distinct to the practised eye of the scout.

With feverish haste Anzac traced it to the shore above the cliff. He was closely followed by Rusty and Marne, who were only now beginning to understand the actions of the younger scout.

The trail led unmistakably out of the water, around the huge rock and on up the river, zig-zagging up and down the steep bank.

Anzac hadn't gone far before he was convinced that at last he was on the trail of the

spies, for over here in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the rocky bank, shielded as they were from observation from above by the high shelving cliffs, the spies felt so safe from interference that they relaxed their relentless, systematic removal of tell-tale traces.

Anzac, who had stopped to put on his stout shoes, waited till Rusty and Marne had done likewise.

Together the three stole cautiously up the winding trail, taking precise pains to test every stone before stepping on it. They were getting nearer to their quarry and must not betray their presence by sending a loose rock crashing down the bank. After travelling about half the distance between the tall cliff and the Whirlpool, Anzac began to feel they were closing in on the foe.

He didn't know why this feeling came over him unless it was the weird lonesomeness of the rough, barren steeps and the inequality of three young scouts armed only with slingshots and loaded sticks, going into battle with a desperate gang of spies who would

surely be armed to the teeth. Yet they did not falter, for were they not on active service for Canada?

They were Canadians and the equal of any Germans, no matter how well armed they were. They were doing just what Grandpa Secord's father and aunt had done a hundred years ago.

So they wormed their way higher up.

Anzac, who was leading, listened intently before attempting to round the big rock, standing like a sentinel at the top of the trail where it skirted the rock, preparatory to another downward dip.

Satisfied, he stepped lightly around the turn only to tumble silently back into the arms of the two boys who were following.

He had stepped right into the spies' den.

There were six of them, but luckily for Anzac they were so interested in some game of chance that they had not noticed him; at least Anzac was sure they had not. Quickly

and quietly the boys sped back along the trail until they ran headlong into Chuck and Yank.

After a council of war, Marne was despatched to inform the Major of the spies' whereabouts, while the other four boys remained on guard to see that the spies did not escape.

Chuck was for waiting where they were till reinforcements came up, but Anzac would not hear of it.

He ran swiftly up the trail toward the foe before Chuck could utter the forbidding command.

There was no other course but to follow the intrepid lead of Anzac, whose only fear was that the spies might escape before he got back to where he had located them. Coming in sight of the rock, Anzac deployed so as to get above the protecting rock, where he could see the spies without being himself seen.

In making this manoeuvre, his whistle rubbed against a stone.

In an instant Anzac had a brilliant idea.

"It can be done; they did it at Beaver Dam, and we'll do it here, too," he soliloquized, dropping back to tell the others of his plan of attack.

Anzac was a thorough Canadian and felt that, being on active service, he must accomplish the overthrow of the enemy, no matter what the odds might be.

Attacking seemed to be the best way to do this, if he could successfully surprise them. The spies would surely hear the Major and the others coming, so if they were to be captured without casualties he and the other scouts would have to work mighty fast, for already Anzac could see the Major running out of the woods to meet Marne.

"Scouts," he whispered, as soon as he had reached the others, "we've got to surprise those Germans over there; if we don't they're going to shoot the Major and a lot of others from behind those rocks.

They've got lots of guns—I saw them stacked up there against the rocks. Now,

look, there are four of us, and we've all got whistles that make a deuce of a racket. Chuck and Yank have revolvers, Rusty and I have slingshots and we can shoot straight, too.

"We will work our way round these devils and when we have surrounded them we'll blow our four whistles while Chuck stands up and calls on them to surrender, shooting them if they don't give up smartly. It is our only hope to save the Major. See! there he is coming now. Gosh! hear the noise they are making!

"We will have to hurry.

"Rusty and I will get on the further side, we're smaller and can get there faster. You get up there close to that rock and when we blow our whistles just step in and order them to hold up their hands.

"They'll be looking our way and you will have them cold. They will call 'Kamerad' allright. 'Member, scouts, we're Canadians and on active service."

With a cool "Here's for Canada!" the brave little scout was away, followed closely by Rusty.

It was several minutes before Chuck realized that neither Anzac nor Rusty had automatics, nothing but slingshots, and yet they were going into the most dangerous spot of all.

It was a pretty sure thing that the moment he and Yank appeared around the turn of the rock the spies would dash the opposite way, right at Anzac and Rusty.

He made a dive to follow them, but Yank pulled him back.

It was too late, he would have to see the thing through, but he vowed to have vengeance if anything happened to his loved younger brother.

Barely had he got into position, flat against the rock, before, from the farther side, there came two shrill blasts followed quickly by another almost behind him.

In a second he was around the rock, his automatic gripped for instant action.

The sight that met his eyes almost unnerved him.

Six strapping Germans were just reaching for the repeating rifles almost at their finger tips.

He had been *too* slow in getting around the rock.

His voice quivered as he demanded their surrender and his eyes were so dimmed with fear of harm befalling Anzac that he did not notice the hand of one burly German drawing his revolver till from almost behind him Yank's automatic banged the first shot of the battle.

The German's arm went limp.

In a second all six were on their feet with guns in their hands. Chuck and Yank dropped like a flash behind two rocks that afforded ill shelter from the peppering shots that sang all around them.

Twice a sharp twang rose above the rattle of the rifles and automatics. The two smaller scouts were determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible in the attempt to

hold the Germans until the Major arrived. Twice, a German fell unconscious, struck in the head by a small pebble shot with bullet-like force from the slings of Anzac and Rusty who were now standing fearlessly upon the rocks above the spies.

Seeing them, Chuck's heart went sick with fear, but he knew that so long as the Germans kept firing at Yank and he there was little danger to the other two.

The bullets spattered against the stones behind which Chuck and Yank lay half concealed, their automatics spitting venomously every time a German showed himself.

Once Yank had come perilously near being killed, but was saved by the unerring shot from Anzac's catapult, which knocked the German senseless. Yank had carelessly exposed his head for a few seconds endeavoring to get in a shot at the other four spies—Rusty had knocked one over—who were making it sure death for Chuck to move.

Not knowing how close he had been to death, Yank had taken careful aim.

His automatic barked. One spy fell forward. It barked again. Another dropped his rifle.

Then the bullets bit deep into the shallow earth beside him while others ricocheted from the flat rocks above him into the river below.

Three of the spies were *hors de combat*, but the odds against the scouts were still fearfully unequal. It was two automatics—their magazines two-thirds empty—and two slingshots against three rifles and as many automatics, all well supplied with ammunition.

The situation was a desperate one for the scouts.

It was but a question of time now. Would the Major arrive before their ammunition gave out? Yank had three shots left, while Chuck had two.

There were still three spies.

“Take it easy, Chuck, old scout,” shouted Yank, to cheer up his leader and at the same

time attract his attention to the three fingers held significantly against the barrel of his automatic.

Chuck understood, holding up two against his.

It was then Yank uttered a fervent prayer to the God he had almost forgotten, but Who is ever a present help to those who pray from the heart, not with mere words.

The plight of the two scouts had not passed unnoticed by Anzac or Rusty.

The younger lads had only their slingshots.

Their stock of small stones was exhausted. It was impossible to hunt for others in the few seconds that remained before the spies would get the Allies' leader and his subordinate.

Yank had but two shots left. He had winged another spy, but unfortunately had not put him out of action. Chuck was worse off; he had wasted one of his two precious shots on a hat shoved up over a rock and in return had felt a sharp sting where a bullet

had just grazed the fleshy part of his left forearm.

But Anzac was speedily sealing the doom of the foe with the great boulder he was rocking from its century old resting-place directly above where the Germans lay behind sheltering crags.

Ten seconds too late it crashed down where the spies had lain hidden, but they had leaped out in the open.

Rusty had fearlessly jumped right into their midst a moment before, and seizing one of the extra rifles leaning against the rocks behind the spies had fired point blank at the three crouched men. They had whirled on him so quickly that the great stone had missed them by a yard.

Rusty had accounted for the spy Yank had winged, still there were two more. It was two against three, for Rusty had been knocked endways by a terrific blow on the jaw from the fist of one of the spies.

Yank still had one shot left; Chuck's last shot had been fired when the Germans jumped from under the avenging rock.

With reckless abandon, Chuck hurled his useless weapon at the nearest spy and charged, tackling low as in a football scrimmage, just as Yank fired his final shot.

It missed.

The Scouts had lost out.

They were at the mercy of the Germans, for the Major was yet out of range. But Anzac was still full of fight. He could see the Major and Lieutenant Lewis racing toward them at the top of their speed.

Two minutes more and the battle would be won, but already the Germans were almost victorious, for their fingers were pressing the triggers for the shots that would send the Allies' leader and Yank on the long journey "west."

With a piercing scream, Anzac hurled a loose rock at the murderers.

It was a lucky throw, hitting the nearest rifle squarely on the barrel, knocking it against the other a fraction of a second before the bullets came hurtling through the rifling.

The answering shout from the Major and Lewis saved the day, telling the spies that reinforcements were at hand.

With lightning quickness, the two remaining spies dropped their empty rifles, grabbed others from the reserve against the rocks—the place was almost an arsenal, the Major collected thirty-one rifles afterward—and leaped speedily up on the side from which Anzac and Rusty had opened the attack.

But they had reckoned without Anzac.

The little scout, anticipating such an eventuality, had stretched a stout cord across the face of the flat rock, about a foot above its surface, which sloped away toward the river for nearly forty feet, bringing up in what looked like a patch of decayed wood, weather-bleached a dull dirty brown.

One spy, a clean-limbed, well-set-up, military-appearing fellow, who seemed to be the leader of the gang, had paused a second in his precipitate flight to catch up a black despatch case, but it slipped and went spinning out of his hand against the rock, bouncing back almost at the feet of the stupefied leader

of the Allies, who was beginning to experience the reaction from the tension of the seconds before.

In their haste to escape, the two spies did not see the cord until it had arrested their mad plunge for freedom and sent them tumbling headlong down the long slope of the rock into a death too terrible for words to express.

That patch of supposedly bleached bark was, instead, a writhing mass of rattlesnakes.

At last Anzac had carried out his threat, though its accomplishment had been a queer coincidence.

The blood-curdling screams of those brave but misguided spies, engaged even though they were, in the most despicable kind of war service, brought great beads of cold perspiration to all the victorious company held in terrified fascination at the other end of the rock.

The screams of the two victims slowly being crushed to death in the unbreakable and ever-tightening coils spiraled about them, haunted the scouts for months after-

ward, and whenever a sudden sibilant note or a rasping rattle like that of a bean in a dry pod, was sounded near them, they paled, trembling like an aspen leaf, living over again those ghastly moments at the top of the flat rock a few hundred yards below the great Whirlpool of the Niagara River.

Bravely, the Major and the "rattlesnake hunters" moved cautiously down the rock to rescue the quivering spies still gamely fighting against the inevitable.

By a mighty effort, the leader brought his rifle against the thing that was crushing him and shot its head off, jumping clear of the nest when the coils loosened, but it was too late. He died upon the rock.

The other was not so fortunate.

But they were grimly avenged by the hunters, who afterward laid upon the rock thirty-eight reptiles, the longest measuring seventeen feet. It was the last of the rattlers, and the story of that fight is still told wherever the frontiersmen foregather.

Meanwhile, the Major and the scouts had trussed up the wounded spies against the time when they would revive. One had been shot through the heart, another had his hip shattered and an arm shot through, while two others were still unconscious from the slingshot wounds on the head, the other two lay on the rock.

Of the Allies, the only one hurt was Chuck, whose shoulder was beginning to show red through his heavy shirt.

The Major carefully examined it, but found it to be only a clean flesh wound which would heal in a few days.

Rusty was still a little groggy from the smash he had received on the jaw. Anzac and Yank had escaped with several holes through their clothing and a few scratches where chips from the rocks had grazed them.

The battle was over and the hour was still a minute to twelve.

CHAPTER X.

Frustrating the Plots.

The "Rattler Rock" episode had a far-reaching effect.

The Allies had named it that even against the earnestly expressed wish of Anzac. It had resulted more favorably for the Allied cause than the conquering of the six spies at first indicated.

The black despatch box was a great find for the Major and Lieutenant Lewis, as it contained much information about the German plans for conquering and crippling Canada industrially.

There was a daring scheme for the simultaneous blowing up of the great power houses at Niagara Falls and the Welland Canal.

The destruction of these power plants would irreparably cripple Canada's output

of munitions and war supplies, while the wrecking of three locks in the Welland Canal would effectually stop the transportation of grain and would devastate the fertile plains of Niagara under an avalanche of water, that once loosed, nothing but the broad expanse of Lake Ontario could stop.

The two men mentioned in the letter Anzac had found in the old ruins were caught by the guard the Major had posted in the undergrowth along the trail leading from the rear of the ruins.

Within twelve hours of the great battle, twenty-one others had been captured, their names and whereabouts being betrayed by the papers in the captured black case.

Considerable quantities of T.N.T., the most powerful high explosive known, nitro-glycerine, and dynamite, were discovered cached in places near to the power houses and canal. Had it not been for the information in the black case, three guards on the Home Defence Force guarding the power works or the sergeant of the canal guards would not have been apprehended in time to save these most

necessary works from destruction. It was indeed a great find, preventing the accomplishment of a temporary wiping out of Canada's great exports of war materials and wheat.

There was information about other plans for "conquering," such as the bringing over from Buffalo and Detroit of great bands of German and Austrian marauders, and for the blowing up of industrial plants, elevators, terminal stations, and wharves.

The Major had gone through the case, quickly but thoroughly, while the scouts and Lewis were searching the spies and the enclosure where the battle had been fought.

They had found a stock of nitro within twenty feet of where the big boulder Anzac had rolled down had buried itself.

Lewis, with a giant's strength, had heaved the can far out into the river, where its impact with the water exploded it into a mighty waterspout that drenched both sides of the narrow gorge.

The information he had found in the spies' despatch case was of such vital importance

that the Major had rushed away to arrest the spies at the power houses and the canal before they learned of the episode at "Rattler Rock."

Lieut. Lewis and the scouts followed as rapidly as they could, hampered as they were with one seriously wounded and two slightly wounded prisoners, to say nothing of the dozens of rifles and ammunition cases.

The "hunters" followed with the bodies of the three dead men, one of which was afterwards identified as the famous international spy, Herr Von Heinkleman, whose presence in America had just recently become known and dreaded.

The necessity for the quick apprehension of the other twenty-two spies had been so great that the Major had not dared to take time to thank the Allies for the glorious work they had done for Canada and the cause of the Entente.

It was nearly a week before he could spare the time to hunt up his friends and thank them, so busy had he been following up the

information discovered in the black case and frustrating the devilish machinations of the enemy.

But come he did, and along with him was Colonel Adams and General Watkins, whose genuine astonishment at seeing the diminutive size of the scouts after hearing of the mighty deeds they had done, brought a merry smile to the serious face of the Major.

The General insisted on hearing the whole story, and after much persuasion finally succeeded in getting a laconic account from the over-modest Anzac, who stoutly protested any heroic work on his part.

"It was Chuck, Yank, and Rusty who were the heroes; hadn't they been where the bullets were flying? All he had done was to knock one over with his slingshot and roll a big stone down where it didn't do nuthin' 'ceptin' scarin' 'em out into the open."

The Allies were greatly embarrassed by the profuse commendations heaped on them by the officers, and were relieved when the ordeal was over.

It was because of their reluctance to be lauded for doing what they considered was their duty to their country in the small way they had been favored by Fate when there were so many real heroes who had given their all "over there," that they firmly refused to return with the officers for the banquet proposed in their honor.

"General, we are here on active service and all we did was our duty. We did it for Canada, not for praise, sir, and if you don't mind we'd rather stay at our post; there's work to do here, sir," Chuck replied at last to the persistent invitation pressed on his patrol by the General, ignoring the frowns of the Major, who knew the scouts better than any of the other officers.

"Very well, sir," testily returned the disappointed General, "but don't blame me if you hear more of this affair. It's too brave an incident to be ignored. You'll hear about it again, you young scamps, mark my words."

And with a sly wink towards the Major, they left the scouts at their post.

The next weeks were so busy on the farms that the scouts had little time to think about the meaning of the General's parting warning. Most of the boys had been working in the wheat and oat fields on the Secord and Lundy farms, helping to harvest the great sheaves of yellowed grain, which was so urgently needed overseas, but now that the grain was all garnered the boys had moved over to the Woodruff farm, where the fruit—peaches, pears, plums, and grapes—was just beginning to ripen.

It was a pleasing change from pitching heavy "shocks" of grain to picking luscious peaches or juicy pears.

The scouts were as happy as the canaries which flitted in and out among the trees filling the air with their sweet songs. It was not many hours before the scouts were—like all good fruit pickers, curious though the habit may seem—singing also, lustily and care-free.

The only cloud in their lives now was the thought of the return to the city which must come in the next week or so.

The boys knew that it could not be delayed much longer than that, for the crops were all harvested but the corn, and that could easily be handled by the farmers themselves. The fruit was being rapidly picked; in fact, one section of the orchards was already beginning to shed its leaves for the winter's sleep.

The nights were getting "nippy" and the morning air was redolent with the heavy perfume of ripened grapes.

Still the September days were glorious and the nights were a'throb with the myriad contradictions of the "katydids" and the "katy-didn'ts," while occasionally the boys heard the startled cry of a raccoon frightened from its clandestine meal in the distant cornfields.

At last the dreaded summons home arrived just as they were hard at work cutting the last few rows of grapes, which had been left unpicked while they had helped "the threshers."

Grandpa Secord was deeply grieved when he heard that the boys would have to leave at the end of the week, for he had come to

love them all and to enjoy their merry chatter and boyish pranks.

They had made this passing summer one of the most enjoyable in the past decade, and he had been very proud of the heroic deeds they had done during their short stay there in that historic old village, where centuries ago men died for the same Liberty and Freedom for which their descendants were now making the supreme sacrifice over in France and Flanders.

The Allies felt great lumps rise in their throats whenever they thought of leaving Grandpa Secord.

They, too, had come to love the grand old veteran and his tales of frontier life in the days of the Indian-infested woods, when the big cities of Toronto, Hamilton, and Buffalo were but hamlets.

The scouts were determined that Grandpa should tell them the story of Laura Secord before they left, but try as they would they could not coax out the story until just the evening before they were departing, when

to their surprise Grandpa Secord invited the boys to a farewell party at the old Secord homestead.

That night will be long remembered by the Allies.

They were set down to a feast of chicken, roast porker, fruits, peaches and cream, and dozens of pumpkin pies.

Afterward there were games and music, and then when the fire in the great open hearth began to crackle, Grandpa reached over for a glowing splinter to light his corn-cob pipe, before beginning the much-longed-for story of Canada's great heroine, Laura Secord, whose extraordinary devotion to duty undoubtedly saved Canada from becoming crushed by the Yankees, when they had all but overwhelmed the defenders of this great country of ours, back in the spring of 1813.

"Wal, byes," began the old veteran, drawing Anzac over closer to the side of his old arm chair, "yuh guv me a gude run fer my wampum, wid all yer teasin' fer the yarn

about Laura Secord an' the time she footed et up ter Beaver Dam to tell Colonel Fitz-Gibbon—he wuz only a Lieutenant thum times—thet the Yankees wuz a'comin', but I'm a'goin to tell yuh about thet 'cause I can't keep yuh coaxin' me any more.

“Y'see, et wuz in June, the twenty-third, to be kerrect, thet thum dumned Yankees come a'gallivantin' into Aunt Laura's an' orderin' her to feed 'em.

“They wuzn't rough 'bout et, but, ding et, they wuz Yankees an' Uncle Jim hed been a'layin' thar fer nigh onter eight months, fer he wuz badly wounded in the battle uv Queenston Heights, an' hed only been saved by Auntie Laura's pluck.

“Et were in the atternoon thet Uncle Jim were wounded, cuz he helped thet brave old redcoat, Colonel MacDonell, carry General Brock into thet old ruins yeh see thar outen thet winder,

“An', yes, the ole Colonel wuz killed a couple hours later; gar! byes, but thet were an awful bloody battle thar!

"But as I wuz a'tellin', thum Yanks cum right inter Aunt's an' made her feed 'em, but she knowed a trick er two.

"She fed 'em so gude they'd do some talkin', an' b'golly ef one uv thum big gold lace fellers didn't up an' cum in.

"He wuz Colonel Boerstler, uv Maryland, he sed, an' wuz the ginerel, an' they wuz a'goin' up ter Beaver Dam ter wipe thet devil FitzGibbon outen creation, 'cause he wuz a'killin' offen too many uv their Yanks wuth his raids inter their camps when they wuzn't lookin'.

"Gar, but thet Irishman could be in more places at onct thun any soljur I ever knowed.

"But thar wuz thum Yankees, ginerel un all, a'talkin' their plans an' a'payin' no more attenshun tuh Auntie thun ef she wuz a nigger an' her wuth her husband all shot up by thum dodgasted blueboats.

"Gar! wouldn't thet make your blood bile?

"They wuz so cocky over whut they had dun thet springtime, they wuzn't even cautious.

“Wal, thar they wuz a’plannin’, an’ Laura a’listenin’, an’ Uncle Jim a’figurin’ outen whut it all meant ter Canada till he cum tuh get the ideah thet ef they licked ole Fitz et wuz all up wuth Canada an’ thet wouldn’t do, no siree.

“Uncle wuz a U. E. Loyalist an’ he hed been kicked outen the U. S. A. onct, thet wuz enuff.

“So ’long tourd mornin’ they figured Fitz wuld hev tuh be tould, an’ ez Uncle Jim couldn’t walk thet eighteen mile through the bush up ter ‘The Dams,’ et wuz up ter Aunt Laura.

“Gar! but thet were an awful tough job ter hand outen ter a frail leetle woman like her who’d been a’nursin’ Uncle all winter an’ a’livin’ on half ’nuff ter eat an’ all the time in fear uv thum dummed Yankees.

“But, by gar, the wimin in thum days wuz no flunkers, no siree.

“Pink teas wuzn’t known ’long the frontier, nothin’ but rifles.

"So long 'fore daylight on the twenty-fourth, thet be afore half-past four, too, me byes, Laura sneaked outen the house.

"Some peoples sez she carried a milk pail an' got by the sentry outen at her gate thet way, but thet is only a yarn, they didn't hev no cow, no siree.

"She jest a'told thet sentry to mind his p's an' q's ez she wuz a'goin' tuh see her cousin up ter St. David's, who wuz a'dyin', an' wuz gone a'fore the Yank cud stop her.

"Gar! thet wuz nerve, but et took a hull lot more'n thet tuh tramp eighteen miles through the dark woods, a'dodgin' wild Injuns whut wud a'scalped her quicker'n lightnin'.

"When she got up ter her cusin's, they wuz no men folks thar 'ceptin' the one whut wuz a'dyin' from wounds he hed gotten at the battle uv Queenston Heights.

"So's thar wuz nothin' else ter do but ter go on.

"An', by heck, Laura Secord were game, ev'ry inch uv her. Her cusin 'Lizbeth went

along with her ez far ez whar St. Catherines now is. Thar she hed to quit 'cause her shoes wuz wore clean through an' her feet wuz a'bleedin' an' turrible sore.

"So Aunt Laura kept on frum thar alone.

"Thar wuz rattlers, an' bears, an' wolves, an' wild, murderin' Injuns an' Yankees, but, by gar! she guv 'em all the slip.

"Thun she cum'd tuh the Ten Mile Crick an' et wuz so swollen wuth the rains she hed tuh cross it a'crawlin' on a slippery log. Thet crick twisted so she hed tuh do et more'n onct, too.

"An' then she clumbed a hill an' ran kerplump inter a bunch uv wild Injuns all tida-vaited out in thur war paint, half naked they wuz, an' a'bilin' mad et bein' caught a'sleep-in'.

"They wuz a'goin' ter scalp her an' ast questions atterward.

"Thet wuz a habit thum Injuns hed in those days, but, by gar! whun they looked in her eye they jest naturally hesitated; fer Auntie wuz turrible when she wuz riled.

"Last they brought outen their chief an' Aunt found outen she wuz with friends, fer thum redskins wuz part uv Captain Ducharme's Injuns.

"They wuz Caughnawagas, an' Capt. Ducharme hed 'bout a'hunnerd an' sixty uv thum an' some Mohawks, but most uv thum wuz down wuth De Heran et the crossroads on the Ten Mile, near Jordan.

"Last Aunt got took tuh whar Lieut. Fitz-Gibbon wuz eatin' breakfast wuth his fifty scouts—thet wuz whut they called thumsells, 'cause they hed redcoats whut wuz grey on the inner side an' when they wuz hard pressed they'd turn 'em inside out an' gitten away every time, 'cause the Yanks wuz allers lookin' fer the redcoats whut attacked thum.

"Whun Laura Secord tould Fitz 'bouten thum Yankees a'sneakin' up onter 'em, he war stumped.

"They wuz six hunnerd an' thirty uv thum Yanks an' they hed cannon.

"But Fitz wuz uster odds, an' he wuz an Irishman an' he'd a dare-devil Frenchman

wuth a bunch uv bloodthirsty Injuns a'helpin' him.

"They counted noses, an', b'gar! thar wuz only Fitz an' his fifty scouts an' Ducharme an' his twenty-five Caughnawagas an' sixteen Mohawks tuh defend the ole stone house uv De Cew's, nigh the falls uv thet name, whar all the British supplies hed been took whun the Yanks hed burned Niagara.

"Y'see Fitz cudn't let the Yanks get thum supplies, no siree.

"So he sent Aunt Laura over tuh a farm house, cuz she wuz completely tuckered out; gar! she slept fer days she wuz so tired atter thet mankillin' bush tramp.

"She hed saved the day 'cause thut Frenchman took his Injuns down inter a beechwood gulley up which the Yanks hed tuh cum.

"Thar they hid in the woods till the Yanks cum a'steppin' along, thun they showed 'em a thing er two.

"Thum Injuns wuz all over, up in trees, behind logs, under stones, an' everywhar you'd thunk an Injun wouldn't be, thar he wuz.

"They wuz on all sides uv them Yanks, a'yellin' an' shootin' an' killin' Yanks tull they hed 'em crazy, cuz they cudn't see whar they wuz an' when they charged whar the smoke uv a shot hed cum frum thar wuz no Injun thar, he were sum place else.

"Thet wuz an Injun fer yuh.

"But the Yanks wuz a'gettin' quite a few uv the Injuns, an' unless ole Fitz did sumthin' duffrent they wuz a'goin' tuh be licked.

"Whut do yuh s'ppose thet ole fox did?

"Gar! he were a ginerel, he were.

"He wuz a real ginerel an' thet sharp he cudn't be licked, no siree, not thet Irishman. He jest dressed Cap. Hall up as De Heran an' a soljer uv the '49th' ez Colonel Bisshopp. They wuz the officers et the hed uv the reinforcements thet Boerstler knowed wud be a'comin' tuh help Fitz. The Yanks' ginerel didn't know jest whar they wuz tho' he wuz a'guessin' they wuz a long ways off jest then. so he jest sends Cap. Hall an' thet soldier _

inter the Yanks under a flag uv truce ter demand thur surrender an' whun the firin' hed stopped Fitz kept his fifty scouts a'marchin' across the open field whar the Yanks cud see thum onct in awhile, an' then a'sneakin' back agin whar they cudn't be seen.

"Ut made 'em thunk they wuz a hunnerd times ez many redcoats in thet field ez thar really wuz. An' et made thum b'liev' thet De Heran an' Bisshopp hed cum up.

"Boerstler wanted time tuh think ut over 'fore he s'rendered, but thet soljer wuz mighty cocky 'cause he wuz a colonel, an' he jest guv thet Yank ginerel five minutes tuh make up his mind.

"An' I'll be cow-switched ef he didn't up an' s'render—five hunnerd an' forty officers an' men, they wuz whun they counted 'em.

"Nearly all uv 'em wuz regulars, too, an' thar wuz two cannons an' the colors uv the 14th U. S. Infantee tuh.

"Ef De Heran hedn't cum'd up et thet very time Fitz wud hev hed a dodgasted time

a'guardin' his prisoners. Thar wuz only one Injun whut wasn't wounded, by gar! so's thet jest left fifty-one soljers an' one Injun to handle thum five hunnerd an' forty Yanks.

"Gar! thet wuz bluffin' 'em, eh, byes?" concluded Grandpa, slapping his good leg in glee.

"But what became of Laura Secord?" asked Anzac.

"Wal, she jest slept an' slept till she cudn't sleep no more an' thun they fetched her home, er leastwise ez near ter her home ez they cud, fer the Yanks were still thar, but et didn't take Fitz long ter drive 'em outen Canada atter the scare he put in 'em up ter Beaver Dam," concluded the old veteran as a stranger came into the firelight from the room beyond.

It was the Reeve and in his hand he carried a be-ribboned medal—the Carnegie Medal—which the townspeople had secured for Anzac for his heroism in saving Skipper from a watery grave.

Anzac was dumbfounded.

He was so embarrassed he could hardly say a word, though he still protested stoutly that the medal rightfully belonged to Chuck and not to him. He had just been lucky enough to get there as the sunlight showed where Skipper was, that was all.

But the medal was inscribed with his name and a description of the incident. It was Anzac's and he had to accept it.

The boys had a great jubilation after that, singing and dancing. Old Ben Green came in with his fiddle under his arm, followed by some of the farmerettes who were working in the neighborhood. It was a big night in the Secord home and a night the boys always remembered.

It was nearly morning when they finally broke up and got back to their billets.

The next morning was a busy one for the Allies, packing up and bidding good-bye to all the friends they had made during their summer's stay in the village.

It was not until almost an hour before the time for their embarkation on the boat, for

they were returning to Toronto by boat, that a big motor came rushing up the road, stopping just a little way from where the Scouts had assembled their belongings for the truck which was to take them to the wharf.

"Why, here's the Major!" delightedly exclaimed Anzac, rushing forward to meet his friend.

"And General Watkins!" shouted Chuck, springing up to meet the General as one of his rank should be met.

"Why, here's the Scoutmaster and another man!" said Yank in surprise.

"Yes, boys, we are all here," gleefully answered the General, his merry eyes dancing with delight at the surprise he had in store for these scouts.

"I told you you'd hear more about that episode up at 'Rattler Rock.'

"Well, this time you're going to obey orders; see, I've brought along your superior officer. He's a'goin' to give you kids Hail Columbia for not minding me. Go to them, Scoutmaster!"

The Allies had silently been formed into line, standing at attention, in honor of the Scoutmaster and the National Superintendent of the "Soldiers of the Soil."

"Scouts," the Scoutmaster began, you have have done your duty, nobly and well.

"General Watkins and Major Watson here, have told me all about your great fight at 'Rattler Rock' and how instrumental you were in breaking up the gang of spies who were plotting devastation in this wonderful Canada of ours.

"Boys, I'm proud to know you and to know that all through the long hot summer months you have done your duty in the second line trenches so magnificently."

The Scoutmaster then introduced the National Superintendent, intimating that he had something important to say.

"Thanks to the help the 'Soldiers of the Soil' have rendered Canada at this crisis in her history," he briefly stated, "the food shortage has been overcome to such an extent that the serious danger from starvation

confronting us last spring, is now a thing of the past. The Food Board has won."

This announcement was met with a rousing cheer from the Allies.

"Yes, boys," the Scoutmaster resumed, "it is something worth cheering about; just to know that our boys overseas will not go hungry is a great comfort.

"You've done your part to bring this about and now you are to receive your reward.

"General Watkins here has been writing long letters about how brave you were in the fight at 'Rattler Rock.' The 'S.O.S.' is to be recognized by the King. A troop of S.O.S. boys are going to be sent to England to be received by the King.

"The first patrol picked for this trip was 'The Allies,' for your record has been one of extraordinary devotion to duty combined with great courage and unselfishness."

The Scoutmaster would have continued, but his words were drowned in cheer after cheer as the scouts came to realize the won-

derful trip that was before them and the high honor which had been bestowed upon their patrol.

Tears of joy stood unconcealed in the eyes of their proud leader.

Chuck had never been happier in his life, except perhaps, when the chance came for the Major to announce that Anzac had been awarded the Victoria Cross for his brave action at 'Rattler Rock' and that the other eleven of the scouts had been awarded the new decoration for unselfish devotion to the broader ideals of Empire citizenship—the "*Secord Order of Service*."

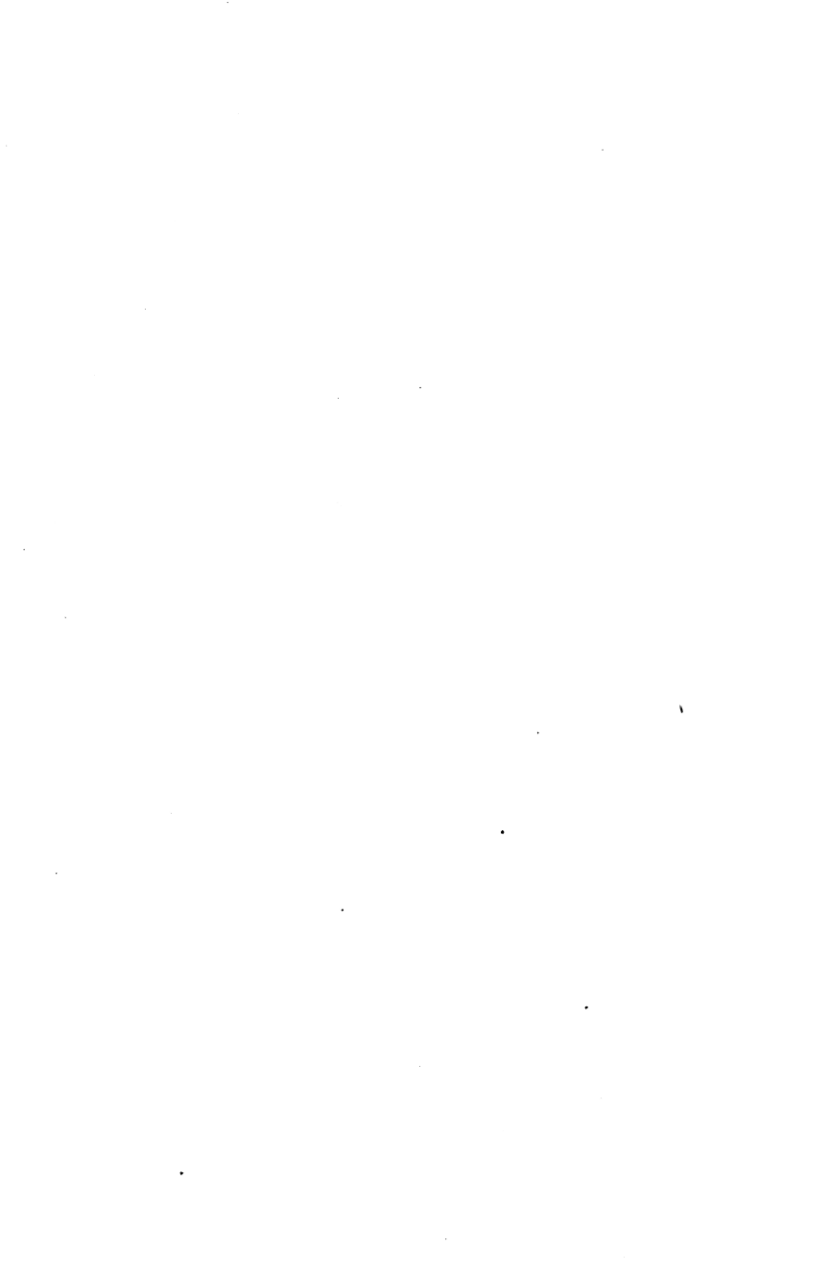
The Allies could hardly believe that all these things were true.

A trip to England to meet the King, a Victoria Cross, and S.O.S. medals; it was more than they could comprehend, and it was lucky that the sharp blast from the approaching steamer sent them scurrying to bid Grandpa Secord and the others good-bye, before they had a chance to spoil things.

In a few minutes they were back shaking hands in a fond farewell with the officers, the Scoutmaster and the National Superintendent, before sprinting for the wharf.

"Gee, fellows, a trip to England to see the King! Oh, boys!" contentedly exclaimed Anzac, as the steamer glided swiftly away from the scene of their summer's adventures.

FINIS.



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